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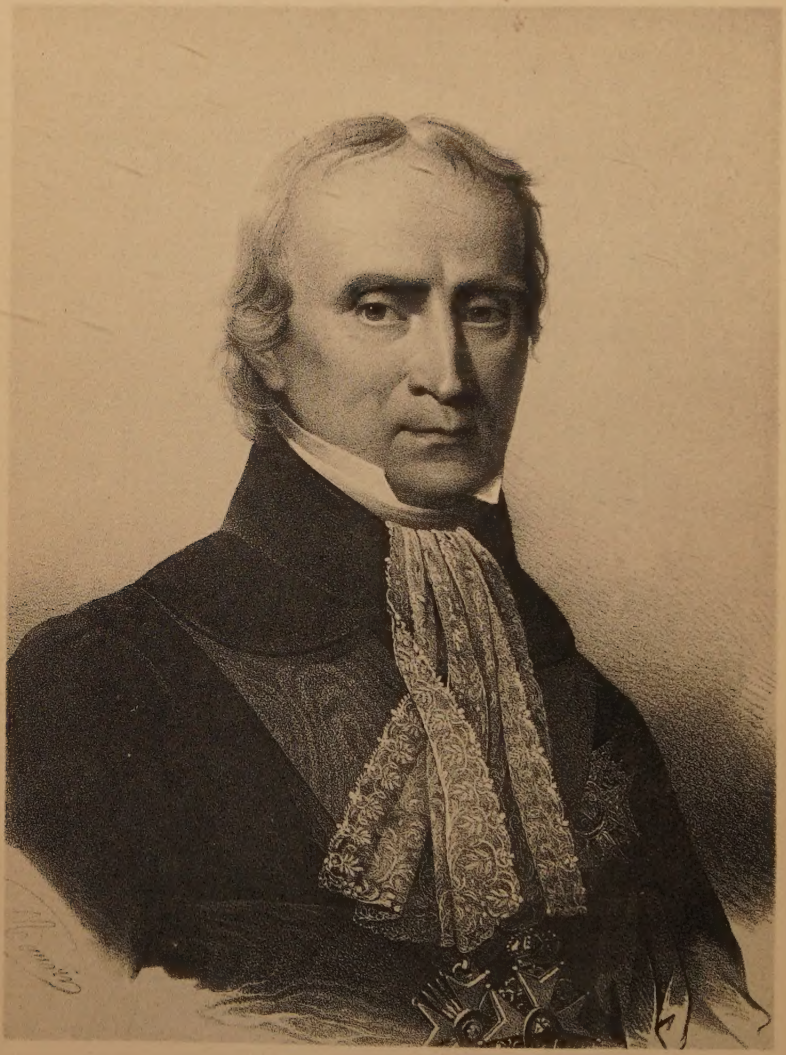

Barbé-Marbois

Barbé-Marbois, François
III

OUR REVOLUTIONARY FOREFATHERS

The Letters Of
François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois

DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN THE UNITED STATES
AS SECRETARY OF THE FRENCH LEGATION

1779 - 1785

TRANSLATED AND EDITED
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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Publisher's Note

A curious history is attached to the publication of the Memoirs of the Marquis de Barbé-Marbois. During the latter months of the Great War, an American war correspondent, Percy Noel, was billeted in a chateau at St. Aubyn, high on a green hill not far from the petulant English Channel. One night, the evicted owner of this chateau returned, presumably to cast an eye upon the temporary usurpers of his seignioral rights. He was a certain Medecin-Major, A. Helot, now resident of Rouen. Dr. Helot was in the difficult position of being a guest in his own home. The American correspondent, sensing the situation, and speaking more fluent French than the residing members of the British G. H. Q. Staff, temporarily took Dr. Helot under his wing. According to Mr. Noel's letter to The Philadelphia Ledger:—

"Soon after midnight shells arrived over head, and in a jiffy there was, with the planes above and the archies and bombs below, ample war in the offing. When the bombs began to fall there came a knock at my bedroom door, which promptly opened, and there stood our Medecin-Major, pocket flash-lamp in hand. 'Better go out,' he urged, 'I know what will happen to this old castle if a stray bomb hits it.'

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"But it was not the spectacle of bursting bombs, here and there a munition dump flaring up from a direct hit, the aerial pyrotechnics of the archies, signaling Very lights or the ominous flashes over in the neighborhood of Etaples where the base hospitals were, that aroused my interest the most. The doctor was carrying a huge scrap-book under his arm.

"It was a bulky volume, which, even in the obscurity, I could see was old. Why had he brought it along to the watch tower during an air raid? There was no way to close the embrasures of this seventeenth-century tower room, so obviously my companion had no intention of reading if the air battle bored him. There seemed to me only one reason: this book must be precious, too rare to risk losing in the endangered chateau.

"I tried humor: 'Bring a book along to read?'

"Instead of resenting it, the lord of the manor smiled indulgently. 'An heirloom,' he explained simply; 'my late kinsman's diary.'

"'How interesting! What period?'

"'The American revolution and afterward.'

"'Did he visit America?'

"'He was secretary of the first French mission, headed by the Chevalier de la Luzerne in 1779, and later Consul-General to the United States.'"

Needless to say, the American borrowed, read, and inwardly digested this interesting batch of Americana—and later translated a large part of it. Several years

passed before arrangements were finally made to permit the document to be printed—with the deletion of certain portions. The journal is written to the Marquis' fiancée at home, and the parts deleted are presumably those more amorous episodes, which, in spite of possessing a betrothed in France, the Marquis permitted himself with certain maidens of America. In fact, the Marquis was even less steadfast than America's first emissary to France, Benjamin Franklin, in that Franklin returned from his first trip abroad to marry his betrothed at home, whereas the author of these letters forsook their object and married an American girl.

Recently, two American publishers, each unknown to the other, acquired the Marbois papers. Duffield and Company assumed both obligations, caused a part of the manuscript to be sent to The Atlantic Monthly, *and now publishes the entire document for the first time in book form.*

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Our Revolutionary Forefathers

Introduction

By Eugene Parker Chase

THE Marquis de Barbé-Marbois came to the United States in 1779, at the age of thirty-four, as secretary of the French legation, and stayed until he was made governor of San Domingo in 1785. It was during his six years in America that these memoirs were first written, some of them during the voyage across the Atlantic which he took in company with John Adams in 1779, some during the first few months after he landed, and the rest on a journey made in 1784 into New York state, as he was going to a conference with the Indians.

A hundred years ago the translator of an earlier book of Barbé-Marbois, his *History of Louisiana,* began his preface by saying, "Most foreign books which have treated of the institutions of the United States have been compiled with such illiberal feelings, and are at the same time so very inaccurate," that he is glad to present Barbé-Marbois's book as the exception—a book about America, written by a European in a friendly spirit. This friendly spirit is characteristic also of Barbé-Marbois's more personal memoirs of his American experiences, which we now have under the title of *Our Revolutionary Forefathers.*

The French are perhaps the only people in the world who can be both polite and rude at the same time. Barbé-

Marbois is not without this double-edged gift, and it adds to the interest of his memoirs. With perfect friendliness, and a deep appreciation of the excellences of America, he has a trace of politely concealed scorn for some of the respects in which it differs from France. Otherwise we should feel very strange in reading what he writes, since the last hundred years have seen little change in the manners of the European observer. De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* and Bryce's *American Commonwealth* are the only great examples of a thoroughly friendly study of America by foreigners. We can now add to the list these memoirs of Barbé-Marbois, perhaps the most sympathetic of all the distinguished foreigners who have written their impressions of America.

If *Our Revolutionary Forefathers* had been written by an obscure or unknown man, it would not lose the virtue which fresh keen observation and a stimulating mind give it. But it was written by one of the interesting figures of the French Revolution. Like two more widely known Frenchmen, Talleyrand and Lafayette, Barbé-Marbois was young when the great revolutionary era began, and lived through the changes of government which brought loss of fortune, disaster, and even death to so many other distinguished Frenchmen. Lafayette, only twenty when the American Revolution began, was a young noble at the last court of the old regime, that of Louis XVI. He served in the American Revolution, was a great figure among the moderates at the beginning of the French

Revolution, survived the Reign of Terror, lived through Napoleon, was restored to his ancient privileges with Louis XVIII when Napoleon was sent into exile, and commanded the National Guard at the Revolution of 1830. Talleyrand, a bishop of the Roman Catholic church during the old regime, cast aside his sacred office and became a leader of the Revolution and a diplomat. He also survived the Terror, and when France became an empire served Napoleon so well that he was allowed to keep on serving the restored Bourbons. Barbé-Marbois, less important than either at the beginning, was a minor diplomat under Louis XVI, transferred his allegiance when the revolution occurred, but was exiled for moderation later on, and served Napoleon, Louis XVIII, and Louis Philippe in high office. There is necessarily something of the Vicar of Bray about anyone who can be so happy and so prosperous under a succession of competing governments. Any lack of principle, however, or readiness to see a great many contradictory points of view all at once, usually indicates the broad sympathies which make a man a good observer of a strange land and new customs. If Barbé-Marbois, the envoy of his most Christian majesty, had been a better monarchist, we should not have had such a sympathetic picture of a young democracy. Barbé-Marbois is giving us two pictures here, that of America and that of himself. To us perhaps the former is the more interesting. But we can get a good deal of amusement in contemplating the second.

The Career of Barbé-Marbois

Marbois was a member of a class which is almost unknown in this country though it has always been very numerous in France. His father was director of the mint at Metz: he belonged by birth to the provincial officialdom,—that group of intelligent, educated, capable men who occupy important second-rate places in government circles, usually not in Paris, and to whose ability and faithfulness has been largely due the stability and efficiency of the French government, whether under king, emperor, or president.

When François was born the people of France were conventionally divided into three classes or estates: the clergy, the nobility, and the rest—the "third estate"—the common people. Most of the land and revenues, and all the power in France, belonged to the clergy and nobility, whose privileges were still largely relics of feudal days and who in return for their privileges admitted few obligations and paid no taxes at all. The heavily taxed and powerless third estate was not, however, the negligible unit which king and courtiers, abbots and bishops thought it. It contained of course the peasants, and the laboring classes generally. But a middle class was growing up, living in the towns (which were still small) and growing rich through commerce. It was this middle class which brought about the Revolution, and which, after a genera-

tion of war and revolution, triumphed. At the very top of this class and the most influential part of it, were the professional men, and of these professional men the most important were the members of the governmental bureaucracy.

Class distinctions before the Revolution were of course acute, to the modern imagination unbelievably so. It is no ground for surprise that Lafayette and Talleyrand were both born nobles: otherwise we should never have heard of them. But there are always, however rigorous the class system, a few licensed exceptions, a few people who may rise from one class to another. Even though the law of France made no distinctions, and if you were neither of the nobility nor the higher clergy, you were in the great outside mass of the third estate; nevertheless Marbois belonged to the small group of persons who were, if anyone was, exempt from the rigid bounds of caste. Though not noble by birth, he rose, by ability more than by influence, until he ended his life a noble and a peer of France. It is true that the overthrowing of rigorous class boundaries helped him, but he had advanced far on the road before the Revolution began. Perhaps also it was as well for his democratic sympathies that marquises had lost most of their privileges before he was made a marquis. But for what it was worth, by merit and by industry, he had worked his way unquestionably into the ruling class.

François Marbois, later the Marquis de Barbé-Marbois,

was born in the provincial capital Metz, in 1745. About his education we know nothing, except that it was that of a gentleman who was to earn his living by the use of a trained mind, and that fairly early in life he was employed as tutor to the children of the Marquis de Castries, later French minister of marine and a marshal of France.

Fairly young, Barbé-Marbois entered the diplomatic service, and was sent as a secretary of legation to the Diet of the Empire at Ratisbon. He was subsequently secretary of legation at Dresden and *chargé d'affaires* there and at the court of Bavaria. At this last place, where he was also secretary of legation, his superior, the ambassador, was the Chevalier de la Luzerne, a French nobleman of important connections. As Barbé-Marbois explains in his preface to these memoirs, it was the year after their successful work in Bavaria in 1778 that the Chevalier and he were sent to America, Luzerne as French minister to the United States and Marbois again as secretary of legation.

When the Chevalier de la Luzerne returned to France at the close of the American Revolution, Barbé-Marbois, who had been given the position of French consul-general, was made *chargé d'affaires,* and represented France to the government of the United States until 1785. Some of his experiences in America are recounted in the book which follows, and are referred to elsewhere in this introduction.

In 1785 Barbé-Marbois was made *intendant* of San Domingo, the largest French colony in America. That

he was an earnest and attentive governor appears from the fact that he urged reforms, especially financial ones, and that he was able to publish three volumes surveying the history and present condition of the colony.

On his return to France at the end of 1789 Barbé-Marbois reëntered the department of foreign affairs, and was sent with the Duc de Noailles on a special diplomatic mission to the Diet of the Empire and to the Emperor Leopold. On his way back to France he was arrested, at Nuremberg, and when released he left the service of the government and retired to Metz. Here he farmed, was elected mayor of Metz, and amused himself with literature. Pleasant allusions to his circle of friends in Metz are given in these memoirs.

In 1795, when the extremer phases of the Revolution had passed, and the more conservative republican regime of the Directory had begun, Marbois's own department of the Moselle elected him a member of the Council of Ancients, the second chamber of the parliament. He was accused of royalist sympathies and denounced by no less a person than Tallien, but the Council of Five Hundred voted that there was no stain on his patriotism. In the Council of Ancients he was active, especially in financial and military questions, and he was soon elected their secretary. Unfortunately he tried to persuade the council, intended to be a very shadowy part of the constitution of the time, to oppose a law preventing nobles and relatives of royalists who had fled from France from taking part

in public affairs. This moderate attitude of his caused him to be suspected of royalism, especially when the existence of a royalist plot was discovered, and papers were found naming him as a future royalist minister of the Indies. But the Council of Ancients continued to trust him, and in 1796 he was elected their president. On the taking of Trieste he was entrusted with the office of pronouncing the eulogy on the army and Napoleon.

His influence grew, and the election of Barthelémy as one of the Directory was largely his achievement. In 1797 however, when a quarrel arose between the majority of the five Directors and the majority of the legislative councils, in which the Directory won out, Barbé-Marbois as one of the leaders on the conservative side was sent into exile. No disloyalty to the constitution was proved, indeed his trial and deportation was illegal, as he later wrote a book to show; Barbé-Marbois was merely suffering the penalty of being a moderate in a revolutionary era.

He was exiled to Sinnamary in French Guiana or Cayenne. Many years later, as chairman of a committee to report on the amelioration of French prison conditions, he suggested that transportation, still a favorite punishment at that time with most European nations, ought to be abolished. He knew whereof he spoke, for he was one of the few Frenchmen transported to South America who had ever returned. Sinnamary was a convict colony in which the prisoners were apparently treated well enough, but where on account of the tropical heat and the

tropical sanitation of the time, most of them died, if not in a few months in a few years. Fortunately for Barbé-Marbois, as he points out, he had already lived for five years, and learned to live hygienically, in a climate very similar, that of San Domingo, and so he survived unharmed.

Barbé-Marbois refused to attempt to escape from Guiana, but in 1797 the influence of his wife and friends caused the Directory to change his place of exile to the island of Oleron off the west coast of France. In 1799, after the *coup d'etat* in which Napoleon got control of the government, his sentence was annulled altogether, through the influence of Le Brun, Napoleon's colleague in the consulate. From this time on, Marbois's history is uniformly prosperous. He held positions of importance under a succession of governments, to all of which he was loyal in turn, at least until they fell.

Still through the influence of Le Brun, Barbé-Marbois entered the service of Napoleon as councilor of state and director of the public treasury. In 1801 his position was made more honorable—instead of director he was made minister.

Further honors were conferred on him, and confidence was reposed in him by Napoleon. In 1802 he was appointed senator. In 1805 he was made grand officer of the legion of honor, and a count, and he held office till 1806. In 1803 he was one of the French negotiators of

the Louisiana Purchase.* He held office until 1806. In that year Napoleon and he disagreed in regard to some financial operations, and he was dismissed.

Napoleon, however, had an eye and a memory for a good servant, and Marbois had a high opinion of Napoleon's ideals. As Marbois said of Napoleon in his *History of Louisiana,* "To give France the best civil laws, to plan in advance the reform of the codes, to reëstablish order in the finances, to revive commerce and industry, such were the objects to which, assisted by skillful councilors, he consecrated his time, prolonging his labors till the middle of the nights." In 1808 Barbé-Marbois returned to the service of the emperor as first president of the *cour des comptes,* the body having charge of matters relating to public receipts and expenditures. It was a position for which he was well fitted, and which he held off and on for almost thirty years. He continued, however, to make excursions into politics—most of which hereafter were happy in their outcome.

In 1813 Napoleon created him a senator of the empire, and though senators were supposed to be figureheads, Barbé-Marbois, who always did something, did perhaps the only thing a Napoleonic senator could do—he was one of the four who drew up the plan for Napoleon's abdication! It has been maintained that Barbé-Marbois always turned his back upon the setting sun to hail ful-

* See below, page 25.

somely the rising one. He did welcome Louis XVIII gladly enough, it seems, but he wanted to make conditions, and was one of a committee of the legislature who drew up for the restored kingdom a new constitution which Louis XVIII would not accept, and again one of those who drew up the *Charte* which formed in some sense a constitutional restriction upon the king.

Whatever the reason for which Barbé-Marbois turned from a Bonapartist into a supporter of the Restoration, he was well rewarded. Louis XVIII made him a peer of France, honorary councilor of the university, and confirmed him as first president of the *cour des comptes.* During the Hundred Days when Napoleon returned, Barbé-Marbois was ordered out of Paris. But the Bourbons came back again.

Barbé-Marbois's last incursion into politics as distinct from administration came briefly in August 1815. Though he was over seventy, and in ill health, he joined the ministry of the Duc de Richelieu as keeper of the seals and minister of finance. It was a period of marked conservative reaction, and Barbé-Marbois was not reactionary enough. It was his duty to present to the Chamber of Deputies a law repressing sedition, and he had the majority of the chamber against him for providing deportation rather than death as the penalty for an attempt against the king. He won his point, but the ultra-royalists attacked him by proposing to reorganize the *cour des*

comptes. He left the ministry in March 1816 and resumed his presidency of the court.

Barbé-Marbois served under Charles X as cordially as under Napoleon and Louis XVIII, and in 1830 he congratulated Charles on the conquest of Algeria, calling him his "well-beloved king." Nevertheless, before the year was over, he went as president of the *cour des comptes* to congratulate Louis Philippe, who had just assumed the throne.

In 1833 Barbé-Marbois handed in his resignation from the *cour des comptes*, on account of illness. The king did not accept, but next year replaced him a little abruptly, and tried to placate him with a royal portrait and autographed letter. Barbé-Marbois died in 1837 at the age of ninety-two. He had served Louis XVI, the Directory, Napoleon, Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis Philippe.

The Voyage to America

Barbé-Marbois's journey to America in 1779 was of course made by the slow means of the time, a sailing vessel which took six weeks for the journey. We can compare with his diary of the voyage the account in another diary which has come down to us—that of John Adams, later president of the United States.*

Adams was returning (with his little son John Quincy

* See Chapter I below for Marbois's account.

Adams, who also became president later) from his mission in France. He had found it hard to get a safe passage, and finally the French government had suggested that he might go in the *Sensible*, which would be well convoyed since it was to take the new French minister. Adams agreed, and went to Lorient, the port from which he was to sail, and had to wait a long time before the sailing date came. All these things are set down in Adam's careful and sometimes rather fretful way. He was pleased, however, at being invited to dine with the Chevalier and M. Marbois in their lodgings at the inn the *Épée Royale* before sailing.

When they had all gone on board, Adams records that he and the Chevalier de la Luzerne had good cabins, and that in the back of the ship there was a "large room, which extends the whole width of the quarter-deck, where all the company loll and converse by day. Monsieur Marbois and my little son hang their cots there, and sleep at night."

Adams was at once favorably impressed with Marbois's appearance. He is "a tall genteel man" he wrote, "and has a countenance extremely pleasant; he has the appearance of delicacy in his constitution." And Adams was even more charmed with his conversation. "M. Marbois discovered an inclination to-day to slide into conversation with me," Adams records, the day after the *Sensible* sailed. "I fell down the stream with him as easily as possible." And apparently they spent infinite hours in talk.

They discussed international relations, and found that they agreed in longing for a continued friendship between France and America. Adams thought the danger to such a friendship might come from some French king's having a mistress who would mislead him, or bad ministers, or by a French ambassador's taking sides in American politics and so endangering the American union. This distrust of kings on the part of Adams was countered by Marbois's distrust of republics: "He hoped that the United States would not think of becoming conquerors." Adams reassured him, saying that it would be ages before the United States would be in a position to make such an attempt.

"This M. Marbois is one of the best informed and most reflecting men I have known in France. I warrant I shall have much pleasure in his conversation," Adams wrote, another day.

We get little pictures of the life on ship-board, as when Adams writes, "The Chevalier de la Luzerne and M. Marbois are in raptures with my son. They get him to teach them the language." And Adams goes on to record an amusing scene, with the ambassador reading out loud one of Blackstone's lectures, and young John Quincy Adams correcting his pronunciation. "Your son teaches us more than you," Marbois told Adams. The son was then twelve years old. After they had all landed in America Marbois wrote to Adams particularly to tell him to be sure to take the boy back to Europe for the rest of

his education. His promise was so great that he needed all the advantages possible.

In his account of the journey Marbois mentions his seasickness. Adams confirms the admission, but notes that the illness lasted only a few days. When Marbois got up, Adams recommended "a dish of tea" as a remedy. Marbois drank it, and the two fell to discussing one of Marbois's favorite topics, American ladies. They also discussed Franklin, and Adams seems to have been interested in Marbois's remark that though Franklin had wit, he was not a statesman. They also discussed another of Marbois's great interests, religion, and Marbois was given his first description of religious tolerance in America. To quote further from Adams's diary: "'All religions are tolerated in America;' said M. Marbois, 'and the ambassadors have in all courts a right to a chapel in their own way, but Mr. Franklin never had any.' 'No,' said I laughing, 'because Mr. Franklin had no'—I was going to say what I did not say, and will not say here. I stopped short, and laughed. 'No,' said M. Marbois, 'Mr. Franklin adores only great Nature, which has interested a great many people of both sexes in his favor.'"

Politics and constitutions were also discussed. Adams was much touched, on the fourth of July, to find that the French minister, Marbois, the captain, and others, left their compliments in his cabin. But though Marbois and Adams were friendly, they did not tell each other secrets. "M. Marbois is indefatigable," Adams records, "as soon

as he is up, he reads the Correspondence of M. Gérard* for some hours"—but he never let Adams see Gérard's letters.

A long voyage taken under such intimate conditions should be a good test of human nature. When Adams was writing his report to the President of Congress the day after he landed, he said of Marbois that he was "a gentleman whose abilities, application, and disposition, cannot fail to make him useful in the momentous office he sustains."

Barbé-Marbois in America

Barbé-Marbois seems to have been immensely popular in the United States. He was affable, polite, and French. The French were our first allies, and received the credit that was their due for intervening to save us from a single-handed struggle with the overpowering mother country. The entire history of the French alliance during the Revolution is one altogether creditable to the French, who were wholeheartedly friendly and helpful. One can only say on behalf of the colonists that they were properly—indeed cordially—grateful. Gérard, the first minister from any country to the United States, was received in Philadelphia with an official courtliness and a private warmth which greatly redounded to the credit of the new

* Gérard was the first French minister to the United States.

nation. The Chevalier de la Luzerne, Barbé-Marbois's superior, seems to have been a little too stately and too mindful of his great connections in France. The Americans appreciated him and he them, but he perhaps did not give them a chance to show their enthusiasm. Barbé-Marbois was a younger man and a much more affable person. He was easy to get acquainted with, wise as well as friendly, and everywhere he won good opinions and made friends.

The golden opinion of Barbé-Marbois which Adams acquired on the voyage, he kept throughout. It was not very long before Barbé-Marbois acquired the equally good opinions of other highly placed Americans. He even knew the great Washington, and a few letters in the stately correspondence of that busy gentleman attest the fact.

We learn from Barbé-Marbois's own account of his travels* that, soon after landing, he and the Chevalier made a journey through New England and the central states, visiting General Washington at his headquarters which happened then to be at West Point. The visit was unofficial. Washington did not consider the time suitable for a state visit. But the visit was very friendly, and Washington wrote Lafayette after it, "I had great pleasure in the visit which the Chevalier de la Luzerne and Monsieur Marbois did me the honor to make at this camp; for

* See Chapter II below.

both of whom I have imbibed the most favorable impressions, and I thank you for the honorable mention you made of me to them."

Philadelphia was then the largest city in the United States, and the seat of Congress. Luzerne and Marbois settled there and were assiduous in performing the duties of their positions. John Adams expressed one view when he said that Barbé-Marbois was "the real, though not the ostensible, minister to succeed M. Gérard." In 1784, after peace had come, in addition to his other duties Barbé-Marbois was made consul-general of France, with supervision over no less than four consuls and five vice-consuls, and when Luzerne was recalled to France, Barbé-Marbois was left as *chargé d'affaires*, till 1795.

Barbé-Marbois's relations with the people of Philadelphia seem to have been extremely cordial. The final and conclusive proof perhaps is that he married on June 17th, 1784 a Philadelphian, Elizabeth Moore, daughter of the William Moore who was president of the state from 1781-1782. Her family were people of means and prominence, and on his engagement he received a letter from Mt. Vernon in which Washington congratulated him, spoke of the engagement as a sign of attachment to the United States, and conveyed also the felicitations of Mrs. Washington, for she and her husband both knew Miss Moore personally. With his marriage Barbé-Marbois became attached to the merchant group in Philadelphia, but he numbered among his friends not only Philadelphians,

and the New Englander Adams, but also Virginians like Madison; and the worthy Dr. Franklin himself thought him fit to receive assurances of esteem.

It was Marbois for whom Jefferson wrote his famous *Notes on Virginia.* This survey, afterwards published, was at first privately printed. "Before I had left America," wrote Jefferson in his autobiography, "that is to say in the year 1781, I had received a letter from M. de Marbois of the French legation in Philadelphia, informing me he had been instructed by his government to obtain such statistical accounts of the different states of our Union, as might be useful for their information: and addressing to me a number of queries relative to the state of Virginia. I had always made it a practice whenever an opportunity occurred of obtaining any information of our country, which might be of any use to me in any station public or private, to commit it to writing. These memoranda were on loose papers, bundled up without order, and difficult of recurrence when I had an occasion for a particular one. I thought this a good occasion to embody their substance, which I did in the order of M. Marbois's queries, so as to answer his wish and to arrange them for my own use."

Most of Barbé-Marbois's impressions of America as given in *Our Revolutionary Forefathers* date from his first two years there. The last chapter of this book is his story of the journey to a meeting with the Indians in New York State in 1784. It appears that Barbé-Marbois had intended an excursion of his own to see the savages. But

it happened that Lafayette was at that time making a six months visit to America—one of those visits after the war which did so much to plant the tradition of Lafayette in American memories. At Albany Barbé-Marbois ran into the excursion of Lafayette, who was accompanied by James Madison and Oliver Wolcott, and the two expeditions joined and went to Fort Schuyler together. The importance of the expedition was largely that the Indians still felt warmly towards the French (who had long ago been their allies) and some of this warmth was communicated to the Americans through the Franco-American expedition in which Lafayette was so prominent a member.

France and America

In a discussion of Barbé-Marbois in America little needs to be said of his official acts, because during the important period he was second in importance to Luzerne, and the official acts were performed by Luzerne and the letters written in his name. One celebrated incident, however, shook the chancelleries of the powers, and survives as a moment when Barbé-Marbois attached a great deal of attention to himself.

France and the United States had been allies since 1778. The alliance had prospered, and England had tired of the war sufficiently to be willing to make peace. The American Congress had instructed its plenipotentiaries who

were to negotiate the peace, that they were to act in full accord with the French government, which meant the foreign minister the Comte de Vergennes, an able and patriotic Frenchman. They were told to insist on the recognition of American independence, but apart from that they were given immense freedom of action. The last paragraph of their instructions, however, was dictated by Luzerne, and said: "You are to make the most candid and confidential communications, upon all subjects, to the ministers of our generous ally the king of France; to undertake nothing in the negotiations for peace or truce, without their knowledge and concurrence; and ultimately to govern yourselves by their advice and opinion."

If the commissioners had held themselves bound by this command, it would have gone very badly for the United States. For Vergennes was French in his policy, the French government after all was more interested in hurting England than anything else, and all the suggestions which the French made for terms of peace were unfavorable to the United States. Moreover the French were allies of the Spanish, and the Spanish feared a strong United States.

What happened, as a matter of fact, is that a new and conciliatory English ministry decided that peace with America would be a convenient thing to have, so that England might pay all her attention again to France, her old enemy. An English representative in Paris began negotiations with the American representatives. Jay in

particular (and indeed all of them but Franklin) began to distrust the French, and to expect to get better terms if they dealt separately with the English. It was an interesting change in attitude all around, and it looked as if the two English-speaking nations, which had just been fighting each other bitterly, were going to make friends with incredible speed. The American suspicion of France was increased when Vergennes's secretary suggested ridiculously narrow territorial limits for the United States. A few days after these suggestions, Jay received from the British agent a translation of what purported to be a letter from Marbois, who was in Philadelphia, to Vergennes. It dealt with what a great many Americans considered one of the essentials of the peace settlement, the American rights to the Canadian fisheries. And it suggested that France should uncompromisingly oppose the American claim. This letter, so unfriendly to the United States, created a storm in the minds of the American commissioners, and was one of the leading facts which encouraged them to violate their instructions and to sign the preliminary terms of peace without consulting the French.

Whatever may have been in Marbois's mind when he wrote the letter, at least he accidentally did a good turn to America by encouraging her representatives to take what they could get and take it quickly. As for the letter, the question of whether Marbois really wrote it cannot be answered to-day. Probably he did, but there is evidence

on both sides. It may, some have thought, have been invented, or at least modified, by the English, who never showed the original, but sent it to Jay in translation. Adams, who was one of the peace commissioners, and was sure that Marbois was still a friend of America, was surprised at the letter, but could explain it on the ground that Marbois had been expressing an official rather than a personal opinion in it. Whatever the explanation, the incident does not seem to have disturbed Marbois's happy relations with his American friends. When he was appointed governor of San Domingo a year later, Washington wrote him, congratulating him on the appointment and regretting that he would be lost to Philadelphia.

Marbois and the Louisiana Purchase

PERHAPS the greatest contribution Barbé-Marbois made to American national welfare was in his negotiating the Louisiana Purchase on behalf of France.

When the treaty of peace which ended the American Revolution was signed, France and America ceased to have common interests, and the national developments of each were such that they very nearly became enemies. Since Barbé-Marbois, after 1785, never saw America again, and became more and more involved with French internal politics, it might be expected that his relations with the new country which interested him so much would have

ceased forever. Feelings changed on both sides of the water, and Washington undoubtedly expressed the sentiments of most Americans when he refused to help France in the war with England which grew out of the French Revolution. Frenchmen had sympathized with revolutionary America, but it was a rare American who sympathized with revolutionary France, at least after the French Revolution really got under way.

Suddenly, however, the situation changed. Napoleon ruled in France; the American people liked him as they have liked all strong rulers of other countries. America found that she needed the port of New Orleans, a tiny corner of the great colony of Louisiana. And Napoleon was discovered to be the owner of Louisana. It is true that perhaps Louisiana should not belong to him, but it was indubitable that it did. The American minister to France was told to buy New Orleans, and failed. And then all at once Napoleon, who as a typical despot constantly changed his mind, decided that he would like to sell not New Orleans but the whole colony of Louisiana, for the simple reasons that he was going to war again with England and felt sure that England would take it away from him.

In his *History of Louisiana* Barbé-Marbois tells his side of the story. One night, the 10th of April 1803, Napoleon called in two of his advisers, one of whom was Barbé-Marbois, now minister of the treasury, and outlined

his views on Louisiana and the dangers it ran from the English.

"I already consider the colony as entirely lost," he said, "and it appears to me that in the hands of this growing power [the United States] it will be more useful to the policy and even to the commerce of France, than if I should attempt to keep it."

Barbé-Marbois replied, as a good financier might, that "we should not hesitate to make a sacrifice of that which is about to slip from us."

The next day Napoleon said to Barbé-Marbois, "I renounce Louisiana," and "I direct you to negotiate this affair with the envoys of the United States. . . . Have an interview this very day with Mr. Livingston."

Barbé-Marbois did as he was commanded. He attended a reception Livingston was giving to Monroe, who had just landed in France as his associate minister, and while walking in the garden with Livingston Barbé-Marbois asked the latter to call on him. Livingston called at once, and at three o'clock the next morning was writing home a triumphal dispatch saying that the negotiation was under way.

The question of price was dealt with in a very amusing way. "I want fifty millions" of francs, Napoleon told Marbois. When Marbois began to talk to Livingston, Marbois asked for one hundred millions. Perhaps he expected to bargain. Livingston replied that one hundred millions was far too much, and Marbois finally said

that he would take upon himself the responsibility of cutting the figure to eighty millions, twenty of which were to pay claims due to American citizens from France, and the other sixty of which were for the territory. The eighty millions was agreed upon, and the cession made. Napoleon was naturally delighted, and though Barbé-Marbois had conducted the negotiations in the way of business, and without expectation of personal gain, Napoleon gave him 192,000 francs for himself, out of the extra ten millions which he had got for Napoleon. Napoleon was full of enthusiasm at such a successful bargain. The Americans, who did not know what a good bargainer Marbois had shown himself to be, were equally delighted. "Mr. Marbois's conduct through the whole," wrote Monroe to one of his friends, "was open, delicate, and honorable, evincing feelings and an elevation of mind which plac'd him far above the suspicion of the influence of any corrupt or sordid motive. He is in my opinion one of those who would rather eat the bread of poverty, with an approving conscience, than enjoy the most unbounded wealth exposed to its censure." It can safely be said that Marbois never ate the bread of poverty, and seldom lacked the approval of his conscience.

Barbé-Marbois's Writings

Barbé-Marbois was a writer on a great variety of subjects. His taste for the amusing and satirical was revealed in his

imaginary *Letters of Madame de Pompadour* which were published in 1771 and widely read both in France and in England. He wrote at various times on farming, on prison reform, on philosophical subjects; and he made some translations from the German.

During his governorship of San Domingo he collected information about that colony and published some of it after his return to France in various forms. Three titles are important: *État des finances de Saint-Domingue* (1790), *Observations personnelles de l'intendant de Saint-Domingue* (1790) and *Reflexions sur la colonie de Saint-Domingue* (1796).

On America he published, during his lifetime, two important works, the *Complot d'Arnold et de Sir Henry Clinton*, which was based on a report which he drew up at the time of Arnold's conspiracy, and published later, in 1816, and his *Histoire de la Louisiane et de la cession de cette colonie par la France aux États-Unis* which was published in French in 1829 and translated into English the next year. Each of these two books is prefaced by an account of the customs, government, and general nature of the United States, and in each he takes a very favorable view of the new nation. Both these accounts are formal in tone and manner. The account of Marbois's journeys in America, published now under the title of *Our Revolutionary Forefathers*, gives some of the first hand impressions on which he based his more formal conclusions.

In *Our Revolutionary Forefathers* we have two sketches:

a direct picture of revolutionary America, and a reflected view of a Frenchman and France at the end of the old regime.

What was the new world like to the Frenchman? Not a country of gorgeous and intricate cities, like Paris. Not a country even of substantial provincial towns, with their own local society, like Marbois's Metz. But a savage and rural scene—strangely enough, a rural paradise.

Could America have been the heaven that Marbois describes in this book, must be the question in the mind of anyone who reads the account. Why was the sophisticated Frenchman so enthusiastic over uncouth and primitive America? We must remember Rousseau. The return to nature is not a discovery of motoring America. It was the gospel of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who glorified man in the state of nature. It was the theme of a host of sentimentalists like Watteau, who sketched shepherds and shepherdesses as the most favored and the loveliest of mortals. A generation before, the French court had been noted for its gorgeous and elaborate ceremonial. Now Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, played at milkmaid. Louis XIV had built the most splendid palace in the civilized world and surrounded it by formal gardens and fountains. Louis XVI and his queen found it too stately, or thought they did, and built a smaller palace in the corner of its grounds; and there, as nearly as royalty could, they played at being simple people. Of course the French return to nature was romantic and not real.

Nature was sophisticated by the very eyes that looked at her. But in America—about which they knew nothing—in America the ideal state of nature existed in fact. They knew it. Peace, prosperity, liberty, equality, content, aesthetic charm—all these things the Frenchman was prepared to find in America. It speaks well for the United States of the time that Barbé-Marbois was so little deceived. He romanticized all he saw, but at least there was the foundation of the truth on which his imagination could work.

If we except a few stories, which Marbois tells because he has heard them told, and leaves it to his audience to believe or not, these memoirs impress us as the honest conclusions of a keen observer. For the most part they speak for themselves. One or two aspects of Barbé-Marbois's point of view are worth comment.

In one particular Barbé-Marbois was keenly amused at the old-fashioned nature of American customs. Not merely because he was writing home to a group of ladies, but because of the whole French social background, he was surprised to find the inequality of the sexes so marked in the new world. It was, of course, a heritage from England. With it he found a purity of morals which seems likewise to have surprised him, but he is careful to condemn an easy inference that the one was the cause of the other. The interest which he manifested in persons of the opposite sex, and particularly in pretty women, suggests, however, that it was not women as such, but a few

gifted and charming creatures, whom the French made mistresses of every scene and arbiters of every idea and every fashion. Even Marbois's refined coarseness, so to call it, is typical of his nation and strange to revolutionary America.

But how can we account for Barbé-Marbois's intense, almost excessive, interest in religion? He was, of course, a Roman Catholic. But we must remember that Voltaire and the Encyclopedists had written very recently, and with so great an effect that few Frenchmen who were proud of their intellect were enthusiastic about either the system or the doctrine of the church of Rome. Nominally Catholic, the upper classes in France were agnostic, and tolerant with the tolerance that goes with unbelief. America was a startling contrast. First of all, it was Protestant. Next, it was not only not sceptical, but actually so believing as to seem almost credulous. And finally, it was tolerant. This strange combination of characteristics was enough to interest any French observer. Barbé-Marbois seems to have had, moreover, all that curiosity about religion which the non-religious often possess. His descriptions of the customs of the various sects, and particularly of the Quakers and Shakers, are fuller than one would otherwise expect of one who professes proudly that his only god is nature. There was, in addition, a philosophical turn to the mind of every up-to-date Frenchman of Barbé-Marbois's day, and as a stu-

dent of humanity he had to take an interest in humanity's varied ways of worshipping the Supreme Being.

In another interesting respect Barbé-Marbois is out of sympathy with ingrained American ways of life. We have to remember that Americans were, at the Revolution, much more obviously divided into social classes than they are now, but that in comparison with a still feudal country like France the United States was essentially democratic. Marbois seems to have been a staunch monarchist, but the wave of strange doctrine which had swept over France had made him a theoretical democrat. Everywhere in America he saw democracy. There were classes in the America of his time, but he could distinguish them as little as a Frenchman can distinguish American classes to-day.

And finally, what of the man himself? Every formal account which considers his career as a whole pictures him as an able self-seeker. But at least from these memoirs we know that he was human and delightful. He was intelligent, learned, and clever. He was gifted in writing. He was full of the prejudices of his time, but he knew that they were prejudices. Though he was sentimental, he laughed at his own sentimentality. Though he was selfish, he admitted it. He knew when he was cowardly, he knew when he showed to good advantage. If men are usually heroes to their biographers, at least Barbé-Marbois was no hero to himself.

The Manuscript

It remains to say a word as to the source of this book.

At times between 1779 and 1785 Barbé-Marbois kept a diary, and sent parts of it home to his friends in Metz. When he was in exile in Cayenne he had his wife send him the old letters, and he amused himself by editing and rearranging them. The manuscript remained in the possession of his descendants, and now belongs to Dr. R. Helot, from whose typewritten copy this translation is made.

The translation is as nearly literal as is compatible with any respect at all for the English language. Since one can never avoid all error, I have tried to err on the side of literalness.

I have assumed on the part of the reader a knowledge of American conditions. A few notes have been added, dealing with the European background of the diary, and explaining some of the European references. One or two of them are based on information sent by Dr. Helot.

List of Books

Two other important works of Barbé-Marbois not previously mentioned are:

Journal d'un déporté non jugé (1834)
Rapport sur l'état actuel des prisons (1823)

The titles of a few of the most important books giving information about Marbois's American career follow. All quotations given above are from these books.

BIOGRAPHIES AND WRITINGS

Works of John Adams, edited by Charles Francis Adams (Boston 1856)

Writings of Benjamin Franklin, edited by Albert Henry Smyth (New York 1905-7)

Life of John Jay, by William Jay (New York 1833)

Writings of Thomas Jefferson, edited by Paul Leicester Ford (New York 1892-99)

Mémoires, corréspondance et manuscrits du General Lafayette, publiés par sa famille (Paris 1837)

Life of General Lafayette, by Bayard Tuckerman (New York 1889)

Writings of James Madison, edited by Gaillard Hunt (New York 1901)

Writings of James Monroe, edited by Stanislaus Murray Hamilton (New York 1903)

Writings of George Washington, edited by Worthington C. Ford (New York 1889-93)

Writings of George Washington, edited by Jared Sparks (Boston 1837-40)

MISCELLANEOUS

Narrative and Critical History of America, edited by Justin Winsor (Boston 1884-9) especially volumes vi-viii

Revolutionary Diplomatic Correspondance of the United States, edited by Francis Wharton (Washington 1889)

Histoire de la participation de la France a l'établissement des États-Unis d'Amérique, by Henry Doniol (Paris 1892)

Diplomacy of the United States, 1778-1826, by Theodore Lyman (New York 1828)

Introductory essay by James Brown Scott to *The American Secretaries of State,* volume i (edited by Samuel Flagg Bemis) (New York 1927)

Grande Encyclopédie (Paris 1888)

Dictionnaire Général de Biographie et d'Histoire (Paris, édition d'après guerre)

Article by James Barton in *The Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1873 (volume xxxii, pp. 306 ff.)

Article by Jared Sparks in *The North American Review,* April, 1829, and April, 1830 (vols. xxviii pp. 389 ff. and xxx pp. 551 ff.)

The Letters

Preface

By François Marquis de Barbé-Marbois

The revolt of the English colonies complicated our political system, for before the death of the Elector could have been forseen, Franklin and the other envoys of the American Congress had advanced their negotiations with the cabinet of Versailles so far that they could no longer draw back. The treaties of alliance and commerce were signed a month after the King's Council had been informed of the business of Bavaria.[1]

A general sentiment favorable to the revolt manifested itself in Europe. I had given myself up without hesitation to the general opinion. A journey to America would have overwhelmed me with joy, if such an absence had been a possibility. I was nevertheless warned that in the fear of displeasing the Vienna cabinet, they did not quite know how to use the Chevalier de la Luzerne and myself, who had been so much in evidence when the great designs of Austria had been so forcefully prevented.

I was assiduous in presenting myself at the house of the Comte de Vergennes, and one day he said to me "Do you speak English?" At these words I guessed that he was asking me if I spoke English. I did not know a word

of it, but nevertheless I set myself to study it. To my great surprise, I discovered that with the help of French and German, English had no difficulties for me.[2]

A few days later, a letter from the minister of foreign affairs informed the Chevalier de la Luzerne that he had been appointed envoy of the King to the Congress, and informed me that I was secretary of the legation. These arrangements guaranteed me against the consequences of the Queen's dissatisfaction, and I obtained without effort, and without being suspected, what I had most ardently desired.

I had noticed that my nomination displeased the chief clerks, and although I was encouraged by the fact that the Comte de Vergennes was well disposed, I wished to shelter myself from the vexations of the departmental staff. The office of master of requests, or of councilor in a parliament, would make me more independent of the little intrigues to which I was exposed. M. de Forbonnais was Councilor in the Parliament of Metz. I knew this able and learned enemy of the economists. I opened negotiations with him in regard to his office, and I was received in May, 1779.[3]

We set sail from Lorient for Boston the 17th of June, 1779. You may place here, my dear Élise,[4] *the story of our voyage, which I addressed to Mademoiselle de Montry d'Alleray. As you will expect, you will not find a word of politics in it.*

Chapter One

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

Journal of a voyage from France to America on board the Frigate Sensible. *Addressed to Mademoiselle d'Alleray*

We left the port of Lorient the 17th of June, 1779, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The wind was from the northeast, the weather good, we made five and a half knots an hour, and we had the cape on the . . . .

Forgive me, mademoiselle, I remember that it is not nautical observations which you want from me. I will stop, and I promise you to abstain henceforth from all remarks about the weather, the stars, the latitude, the

longitude, the variations of the compass, and to say no more of them than I would if there did not exist weather, or climate, or sky, or earth, or sea, or poles, or compasses. What shall I talk about, then? What shall I talk about? It is just in talking about everything else except what is going on that a clever journalist marshals his talents. And then, do not plenty of things happen in a society of two hundred and eighty men and one woman living in the same house and not free to go out? As for external accidents, we must hope that Providence will provide them. And look! to-day in broad daylight it sent after us five hardy corsairs, very fast, very eager, very hungry, and very daring. The strongest and the fastest sailer of the five, taking us for a badly armed provision ship, came up, and pretending not to be interested, tried to get near enough to fire a volley at us, when M. de Chavanne fired several twelve-pound shot which did not touch it. It continued to roam around us, and as its comrades appeared to have similar intentions, we decided that it was time to get angry, and prepared ourselves for action without delay. Amongst the newcomers on our vessel there were doubtless brave men, but one of them, in particular, was violently tormented with seasickness. Though he had been confined up to that moment to his hammock, exhausted by everything which could torture the stomach, the cannon-shots fired by the frigate succeeded in limbering up his tired legs. He rose, and saw through the porthole that the entire crew and all the passengers

were armed. Inflamed suddenly with the desire for glory, he had his slippers and dressing-gown brought to him, kept his night-cap on his head, put in his belt a sword and a cartridge-pouch, weighed down his shoulder with a gun which it could hardly support, and appeared suddenly, in this get-up, in the eyes of the crew. You will readily believe that I was welcomed by a shout of general laughter, and I felt so small that I should have gone back to bed at once, if curiosity had not kept me on deck.

Whether as a result of my presence, or because our cannon was better aimed, after about forty shots, of which some touched the corsair, she sailed away, and her comrades followed her example. Twelve or thirteen others looked us over successively, on the three following days, but with less boldness, and as it was always much the same story, I will spare you the details of this war at sea.

As soon as my hardihood, my bravery, and my splendid appearance had put our enemies to flight, and the salute of our little squadron. . . . What? A squadron? Was not the *Sensible* alone? No, certainly not, and but for the solemn promise I had made you not to put any order or any coherence in my tales, I would have begun by mentioning each ship by name, telling you its strength, its size, and its characteristics, and omitting none of those details which might render this journal useful to those who some day will write the history of this century. But I will limit myself to mentioning our own ship and

our three companions, in whom I beg you to take a most particular interest. The most interesting of the nine ships, after that which carries us, is a sloop carrying part of our provisions.[5] It is six times as large as your pianoforte!—the smallest wave hides it from view. It has five men on board, including the captain, the pilot, the cook, a sailor, and a cabin-boy. Its whole equipment is a triangular sail, a fore-stay sail, and a jib. You would not find on it a single cannonball, an ounce of powder, or a gun, and yet it calls itself the *Thunderer*.[6] Its youth, its destination, and its cargo ought to make it dear to you.

The *Cybele* carries eighteen eight-pound cannons. They may be useful to us during that part of the crossing which she makes with us. She will leave us half way over to go to San Domingo.

The *Courier of Europe*, one of the best sailers in existence on any of the seas serves us by carrying the orders to all the ships which make up our flotilla, and performs marvelously the commissions given it. It goes and comes, in front, behind, right and left, with admirable speed. It has a dozen little guns with which it fenced, with a very resolute air, on that famous day in the Gulf of Gascony of which you have just read the story. For the rest, it seems very tired of our company. Its agility goes badly with our heaviness, and if it were not for the fear of pirates, it would soon be in America.

Finally I have to tell you about a huge heavy contrivance loaded with the greater part of our baggage and our

provisions. It is a bad and unarmed vessel which manoeuvres very badly, which is unwieldy, which moves awkwardly, which slows up our journey, and in a word it is what the sailors call a "wooden shoe." It deserves neither affection nor interest, except that it carries all the good wine which we expect to drink in honor of the ladies of America. It insolently calls itself the *Good Friend*.[7] Perhaps some day you will see its name on page eight of the *Morning-Evening*, and while you reflect that it deprives us of the means of drinking your health, you will say mournfully of this faithless friend:

> "Nothing is more common than the name,
> Nothing is rarer than the thing."

Four other ships which are entire strangers to us have put themselves under our convoy, in the hope of being more certain to arrive at their destination, and I have nothing to tell you about them.

Now that, like bushes in your garden, you see all of our little naval army, just as if you were on the flag-ship, I must tell you something about the beings with whom we live. Our captain is a man of very good company. He faithfully does his duty as a sailor and is the most watchful and the first roused at critical moments. But when the danger is past he likes his bed and his rest, and fun and conversation. He has for second in command a young man of great intelligence and great activity, who is wildly enthusiastic about his profession, and is adored

by the soldiers and sailors with whom he sings and dances. Dressed in rough serge and covered with tar, he spends part of the day in the shrouds and in the topsails. Otherwise he is sociable and of a fine appearance. You will surely see M. Gereriaut become a Duguay-Trouin[8] if the English bullets give him time. For the rest, the company is good, with similar tastes, and the other officers are agreeable people, even to the chaplain, who is the best Capuchin in the world. Nevertheless the ambassador's cook, a very essential man, cannot forgive him for the fright which he gave him, when, during the naval fight in the Bay of Biscay, he said the customary prayers and gave the benediction and the general absolution to the entire crew. Moreover, our chaplain preaches to us other men's sermons, to which he adds, he says, "good bits." Day before yesterday, he made a panegyric on St. Peter and St. Paul, and assured us that they were saints of no *ordinary calibre*; he preached in the large room surrounded by guns and cannon, and you will see that the metaphor was suggested by the surroundings.

The good monk also makes verses. Here is half a stanza of a hymn to the Virgin which he has our cabin-boys sing every evening:

"Oh! the gracious mistress!
If they knew her
Everyone would compete
To serve her . . ."

CABIN BOYS' CONVERSATION

There are several singular beings among these cabin-boys. A conversation which I heard yesterday gives me a reason for making this observation. The weather was bad, and I was suffering from seasickness. Obliged to get exercise, I went as far as I could, which was to the forecastle. I was ready to return when voices coming from the depths of a cask stopped me. We had had, the day before, a kind of encounter which had made the entire crew take arms and which had obliged us to fire several cannon-shots. I approached the cask, in which two cabin-boys had hidden to play dice. The one who was losing was saying to the other:

"When you have won everything except my trousers, what will happen to you if we are made prisoners?"

Second Cabin-boy: "I have never been afraid of being captured."

First Cabin-boy: "But if we should be?"

Second Cabin-boy: "Well then, we shall have nothing better to do than to see England, drink, eat, and take a rest."

First Cabin-boy: "But if they force us to serve in the English fleet?"

Second Cabin-boy: "So much the better. We shall learn English, we shall become clever sailors, and when we return to France they will make us top-men."

The sea was growing heavier, and the boy who was losing his money was disposed to see everything in an unpleasant light, and continued thus:

First Cabin-boy: "But if, during the storm, we should fall from the yards, we shouldn't be very much better off, and you will agree that it would be better to shuffle around in your father's shop, and live peacefully with your mother and your sisters, and if you like traveling, make the tour of the world comfortably on foot."

Second Cabin-boy: "No, by my faith! I would rather see the Americans so that I can talk about them when I get home, and if I have to die, I would rather drown all at once than be like my uncle, the school-master, who has been sick for six months, and doesn't know how to get finished with it."

First Cabin-boy: "And what would happen to your mother and your sisters, if you drown, and then too, all your friends in Brest. . . ."

The speakers continued to play as they philosophised. The second cabin-boy lost everything on the board at the moment when his comrade asked him this question, and it was the only one for which he had no answer.

June 28. Sometimes we have distractions which are slightly more serious. This morning the top-men perched in the topsails warned us that from that height they saw a huge vessel bearing down upon us. The order was immediately given to clear the decks for action. The flag which calls for all the ships to get ready was hoisted. The squadron assembled. Our megaphone cried to the *Courier of Europe,* "Get ready and give chase to that ship."

Ask M. Langlois to put into those words the most discordant sounds he can imagine, and you will have an idea of that disagreeable cry.

The *Courier of Europe* went off like a flash. The *Thunderer* ranged herself under our protection. At the end of an hour we saw the hunted vessel making futile efforts to avoid pursuit. The *Courier* hoisted the French flag, and backed it up by a cannon-shot. Then the pursued vessel hoisted the same flag, but still uncertain of its fate it arrived with anxiety, but without resistance, within cannon-shot of our frigate.

It was the *St. Jacques*, a merchant ship, separated from a convoy of forty sails which had left San Domingo five weeks ago. It was sailing at random, and when it perceived us, it made various manoeuvres to avoid us, being sure that we were English. Finally, despairing of escaping, the crew had made all their plans to surrender. These unhappy men were dressed only in their shirts when they joined us, for according to custom they had made bundles of their clothes, hoping to save them from the greed of the enemy more easily than they could if they had them on their bodies.[9]

God preserve them from any worse terror when they approach our coasts, and grant that they may carry into a French port the letters for you with which we have entrusted them.

June 29. We were eating supper peacefully to-day when, casting our eyes in the direction of an American vessel which is under our convoy, we saw something black falling from the top of the yards into the sea, and flying up again from the surface of the sea at the ends of the same yards, raised thirty or thirty-five feet, and then falling again rapidly into the sea. The performance was repeated six times. We looked with our glasses and saw that it was a miserable negro, entirely naked, to whom they were giving a keel-hauling. Since this punishment is very severe, it must have been a grave offense.

June 30. The time of tribulations seems to have arrived. We have come along quickly enough as far as this point . . . . as far as here is very precise, but where is it? . . . . Where is it? . . . . You shall know in a moment. I only ask Madame d'Alleray to go into her boudoir, to take from her bookcase, with her left hand, from the second shelf, beside the alabaster nymph, a quarto volume an inch thick, to put on her glasses from Parmentier and to look for the Azores. At this very moment we are almost fifty leagues northwest of the most dangerous of these islands, but the good winds which brought us here have entirely abandoned us. Those which are blowing now come from America and would infallibly conduct us to Europe, if we let them! All that we have been able to do for three days is to stay where we were, or if we have lost ground it is not enough to speak of. I can un-

derstand the anxiety which that will cause you in regard to the rest of my journal, but I promised to hide nothing from you. The anxiety will be doubled when you know that the crew has not been free from illness, that yesterday we had forty-seven men on the sick-list, and that the number was increased to-day by eight. As you may believe, no-one is free from anxiety, and, last night, a priest dressed in his surplice, after saying prayers which the crew heard in a sad and mournful silence, and after performing the other customary ceremonies, got into the long boat, in the midst of the calm and the darkness, and delivered two bodies to the sea. You will not be in much of a hurry to know precisely what happens in such cases, and so I will say no more of it.

Another fact which I cannot hide from you longer is that the *Thunderer* is in serious straits. The five men who compose its crew could hardly last out the manoeuvres, which completed their exhaustion. The ship leaks badly, and we see the wretched men continuously occupied with pumping. If ever we should be tormented by bad weather. . . .

"Look out! Clear the decks! Sound the bell and fire a cannon to signal the ships to rally! . . . ."

I leaped from the bottom of my bed to find out the reason for the alarm.

"Don't you see those five strange sails yonder? And perhaps they are not all. Who knows that the mist does

not hide others? We must be ready to find out as soon as it is daylight."

Apparently they were holding the same sort of conversations on board the five ships when they discovered us. At any rate, they manoeuvred like souls in torment. Perhaps they are allies, perhaps they are Frenchmen, perhaps they have on board some sleeper who was awakened in spite of himself, who is in a bad humor, and who will mention this night in his journal. Whatever it may be, each side has fired a shot, and we do not know what to expect from each other. That happens often to us, for we do not try to harm anyone, and we show our teeth only to those who wish to do us evil.

July 4. We celebrated to-day the anniversary of the independence of the United States. We were very joyful and drank a great many healths. I proposed yours very softly to my neighbor who drank it with great good will. One of the vessels of our escort was not able, even though it is American, to celebrate the festival gaily. It is the *Good Friend*. You must know that the cook was entrusted with the rum which they intended for the punch. The devil was on the watch, and negro cooks are frail like other men. The cook let himself be tempted. He tasted the rum; he drank a glass of it, then a second, then a third, and so on until he was overcome with drunkenness and spilled the whole hogsheadful. This happened on the 29th of last month, and you will remember that

that was the day on which I drew you a picture of a negro who was being given a keel-hauling. The crew of the *Good Friend* have not been better fed as a result. As a matter of good policy, you should never give a keel-hauling to a cook, or flog a scullion, without being sure that you will be able to get another.

July 6. In this state of calm and inactivity to which we have been condemned, we have decided to get acquainted with our neighbors. We sent them a long boat, and some of them came on board our ship, but we receive these visits without paying them back. Some of us occupy ourselves with astronomy. Others seek to penetrate the very depths of the ocean. We discourse on the nature of the innumerable republics of tunny-fish, porpoises, and sturgeons over which we pass. We thought we saw, this morning, a society composed of an infinite number of herrings among whom was one whale. There was every appearance that the whale governed then tyrannically, *for it is very rare to find a sovereign who preserves moderation when he is clothed with immense power.* This luminous and novel reflection was confirmed by the facts. We observed that the mere maintenance of the table of the finny despot cost the lives of a prodigious number of his subjects, and that in doing nothing more than breathing he swallowed an infinite multitude.

Yesterday, instead of examining deeply into the constitution of the inhabitants of the sea, I amused myself with

just as interesting a phenomenon which occurred on the surface. The night was dark, the wind was fresh, and we were walking on the quarter-deck, when we saw thousands of a sort of sparks in the midst of the waves, some near the vessel, and some seven or eight fathoms away. They have much the same appearance as electric sparks. The vessel as it goes ahead leaves in its wake a track of phosphoric light which stretches out to a distance of ten or twelve fathoms over the waves and even in the waves. Some attribute these sparks, which gleam and then suddenly vanish, to worms or flies or luminous fish, others ascribe them to a certain oil or grease with which they think the sea is impregnated. As for me, while waiting to learn a more satisfactory explanation, I shall go to-night to see the sparks again, as one of the prettiest spectacles that I have seen since the illumination of the house of the Alleray family on the 20th of March 1779.

July 10. You are guessing that we are proceeding on our course as we did formerly, and that while we gaze at the phosphoric flies, we are drawing near to our destination. No, ladies, we are still churning the sea at the same place, and the calm is so perfect that we expect to see again to-day a hat which a sailor dropped overboard into the sea the day before yesterday.

July 11. When I was summing up our forces, I surely did not fail to tell you about the *Cybele*, and I told you

that her destination was San Domingo. The wind came up this morning, and although it was unfavorable for us, it was favorable for her, and she decided to leave us. We knew nobody on this vessel, but when people find themselves isolated as we are on the vast ocean, they fall into a sort of relationship, and get a sort of affection for objects which they see every day, and in proportion as one has delicate sensibilities or weak and facile emotions, one is brought to feel some emotion at the moment of separation. When the megaphone brought us the farewells of the captain and his thanks for the protection which he had received; when the crew, perched on the shrouds and the yards, cried three times "Long live the King" and wished us a good journey; when we answered with the same cry and the same good wishes and saw them steer to the south; there were, on our vessel, men of so sensitive a nature that they felt a tightening of the heart and that their eyes grew moist as if a friend were departing.

July 12-14. Finally, after day's journeys of two, four, ten, and twenty leagues, we are in waters where the cold is as keen as it is in Paris in the month of February. You know that it is my mortal enemy, and since I do not want to lose anything of what is going on, and since I am in addition very lightly clad, I really do not know what sort of appearance I present. You are probably surprised that a crossing already long has not been adorned by any story

of storms, tempests, or any suggestion of shipwreck. It is not really my fault; you know that I ask nothing better; but there has not been the slightest storm or any appearance of danger. With the turn that our navigation is taking, I am very much afraid that no development of this sort will interrupt the monotony of my story, for plainly we shall arrive safe and sound in America. The wind is still against us, but the poor *Cybele* must be interfered with much more than we, for she is going to the south, and it is from that point of the compass that the wind is now blowing. In fact the two young women whom we had sometimes looked at with our glasses, and to whom we had said good-evening with the aid of the megaphone, must be passing some bad quarters of an hour. We have taken an interest in the *Cybele* just as if she belonged to our family.

We have to kill the time—but how? We are not gamblers, we do not know how to smoke, we know hardly better how to drink—what can we do? Let us make experiments; there are some dreamers on board. The phosphoric light came back to them in their thoughts, and when they least expected it, chance (forgive me, I meant to say "predetermined order," for I know that you do not believe in chance) predetermined order brought into the wake of the vessel two splendid sea-maidens[10] whose true name M. de Sarsfield will not tell you unless you press him very hard. They are fish of the finest appearance, and the largest was ten feet

long. "You caught them, then?" Of course, madame, and this is how we did it. As soon as they were seen, our sailors, who are not very courteous people, and who had no pity on the sharks, threw into the sea a baited hook. It was a matter of only ten minutes. The male bit the hook, freed himself, bit again more greedily, was twisted, pulled along, and pulled up; and in spite of his darts and leaps, in the space of ten minutes more he was opened, cut in pieces, and handed round. They showed us his head with its triple row of teeth, and since the head was not good for anything you would have seen them throw it back into the sea, cut in two pieces. The hook was baited again, and in ten minutes more they hauled in the other fish which was likewise cut up; it was the female. We found in its stomach the two pieces of the head of the male, which it had swallowed whole, enormous as they were. We made a number of anatomical observations which I will spare you. They lasted us until nightfall, and we were on the quarterdeck when the darkness allowed us to recommence our phosphorescent experiences. It was absolutely calm, so that we could not attribute to the moving of the boat the prodigious quantity of sparks which covered the sea. One of us, more curious and more inventive, had the idea of having a bucket of water pulled up from the sea, and we saw that it was filled with light. We stirred this water with our hands, and the sparks multiplied infinitely. Moreover there were no fish, no worms, no flies, but just beautiful clear pure sea-water. The

water was thrown out of the bucket, and made new sparks as it fell. The same man took an old cannon-ball and threw it into the sea. We saw a brilliant and luminous globe surround the ball, go down into the water, and gradually diminish until the depth of the abyss into which it was falling made it invisible to our eyes. We were kept busy a long time with the novelty of the experience, and since we were passably ignorant we took pleasure in the discovery. When it grew late and we were returning to our bunks, we found the between-decks lighted by a host of lights rather like the lanterns at Vauxhall or the Coliseum on a fine summer's evening. We were astonished to see an illumination so contrary to the regulations, when the sailors showed us in their hands the objects which were giving the light. They were pieces of still moist fresh fish which had been distributed to them. All these pieces, but especially the bones, threw in every direction light strong enough to read by, and two or three pieces as large as duodecimos would have been enough to light up a very small room. We leave this phenomenon to your speculations. We spare you ours, and each of us went to bed.

July 15. I was wrong when I told you that we should arrive without having to endure a tempest. We have had one, and I pray heaven that it is the last. Dispense me from telling you the story of it; I am not jesting. The rolling, the pitching, the broken tables, and the diners

upset and lying mixed up with the dishes, the disorder of a dinner seasoned with salt water, the cannons broken from their fastenings, the waves which dashed up even to the quarterdecks and wetted those who were curious to see a storm face to face, the necessity of clutching the walls for fear of falling, and the rain and the thunder and the cries of those who were at work—all of it is very unpleasant, and I beg you to look for an account of it elsewhere. "It will all come to the same thing," as our chaplain says. All that can interest posterity is to know that we are at last near the Grand Banks, that we see birds, that the cold has redoubled, and that they have thrown in the lead without finding bottom.

The street of the *Blancs-Manteaux* is calmer than we are now. It is to-day that people gather there, that *Iphigenia* perhaps is being sung, or that Mlle de Montry, with trembling hands, is executing a concerto of Becket, leaving out the *andante* and doubling the speed of the *presto* so as to get through with it sooner. This is the hour when, towards evening, I used to come out from my hiding-place and start to tell my pleasant and unpleasant experiences. People listened to me, sometimes with interest, sometimes yawning; people went to the harpsichord, sang, and returned to the corner of the fire; people drew, and chatted about their friends or themselves or the news of the day; people translated Tasso, or spoke, or were silent; and they were always entirely at their ease, as they ought to be with their best friends.

I have not told you that Mr. John Adams and his son are passengers with us on the *Sensible*.

Eight or ten days have passed since I have taken up a pen. It is not for want of interesting happenings. Last Sunday, we failed to catch a tunny-fish which was chasing a flying-fish. Monday, a sailor dropped his cap into the sea. The next day they flogged a cabin-boy who was found with his hand in the pot of butter. Wednesday we saw branches of oak and linden floating on the water. Thursday we fired a cannon-shot, rang the bell, and beat the drum to bring together our squadron, the different ships of which are hard to keep together in the middle of an extremely thick fog. Yesterday the death was resolved upon of the only ox which we have left, and the execution will take place to-morrow.

July 26. The sun rose after three days of fog.

ODE

in prose, which Mlle d'Alleray will please have the *curé* of Montry put into verse, and then send to the *Mercury*:

"Brilliant author of light, you no longer exist for us. A damp circle, dull with fog and greyish clouds, intercepts your beneficent rays. The breath of the winds cannot penetrate this thick wall, to renew the air which we breathe and to open for you a passage to us.

"Our vessel is as still as a rock. No breath of air fills its sails, and this frightful calm poisons our floating

dwelling. We are alone in the vastness of nature. If any signs of life trouble this pestilential inertia, they are movements of grief, and the universal silence is broken only by the cries of our suffering companions.

"A mortal illness has stricken half of them. Overwhelmed with the burden of life, exhausted and languishing, they leave the narrow dark prisons between the decks, and in the hope of breathing a more healthful air, drag themselves towards us. But a heavy fog drives them back into the hold, and forces us ourselves to seek in our hammocks a repose which flees from us.

"What cries have suddenly troubled the agitated and painful sleep which I was beginning to enjoy? Whence springs this sudden joy? I am called; I run up. The darkness of night has hardly disappeared, the trembling light of the stars is leaving the firmament, the dawn is beginning to appear, the east is casting sheaves of light, and black clouds are hurrying towards the west. The sea, still calm, resembles the surface of a huge lake, surrounded by knots of gold and purple. As it reveals the first edge of its globe of fire, the sun has restored joy and hope to the hearts of the sailors. The water reflects its burning rays and is colored with the most brilliant hues of Iris.

"The domestic birds, gathered on the ship, raise their voices which have been silent so long, and the voracious sharks and the swordfish clad in their robes of silver and blue, and the dolphins blow out jets of water which scat-

ter into mist. A multitude of inhabitants of the waves bound over the ocean. The light tunny-fish leaps into the air in its pursuit of the flying-fish. Everything that lives in the sea is stirring, from the surface to the lowest depths.

"Nothing is lacking for our happiness. A light wind springs up from the direction of Europe. It makes the crystal liquid quiver; it blows on our poop; it fills our sails; and growing stronger each instant it bears us to the New World. Nature is born again, and the sailors utter cries of lightheartedness and join their songs to the concert of all animate beings, to salute the father of day, and to perform thankful deeds for his eternal benevolence."

July 29. The whole crew was transported with joy at the prospect of good sailing, but the very same evening, when it was very dark, the violence of the wind increased beyond any point which it had previously reached on the journey. The night was really frightful. Waves inundated the frigate. While the other ships of the squadron have not a single sick man on board, the sickness has spread to more than half of our crew, and would put us at the mercy of the first ship that wished to attack us. Our wood is going to give out, and they are talking of limiting the water. Under the circumstances we are very attentive to the least indication that we are approaching dry land. Marine plants which are seen floating, breakers which we think we see, fish of new species, birds in

a larger number than usual, a change in the color of the sea, in fact the least little things attract our attention. The blast of wind dispersed the squadron, and the *Courier of Europe* alone has rejoined us.

This morning we saw, level with the water, an object which no-one could recognize. A rowboat was launched, they went up to the object, and found that it was a floating tree on which a school of fish were resting.

A man overboard! Silence! Oh, if you had seen how hard the whole crew worked to stop the vessel in its course and to give the unfortunate man who was drowning the time to reach a buoy which they threw him. We hardly dared breathe; our hearts palpitated with suspense. He had fallen from the forecastle, and help was sent him from the quarterdeck. Fortunately he profited by it, and after five minutes of agony from seeing one of our companions in the greatest danger, we had the joy of seeing him on board again.

We see the sea break, foam, whiten, at a little distance. It is surely the bank of St. George . . . . let us hurry to take a sounding . . . .

We have reached bottom.

Eternal gratitude be given to the inventor of the lead! The instrument reports a bottom of sand and gravel, and our eyes have devoured the first indications of the nearness of land. We are not more than fifty leagues from it. That is all that I have time to tell you. I must take part in the public jubilations, and I hope that you

will appreciate my haste to inform you of this good news as soon as I learned it.

July 31. Calms, contrary winds, and always idle questions. . . . "Where is the cape?"— "What direction is the wind?"— "How fast are we going?"— "You have completely recovered from your indisposition?"— "How many sick are there in the hospital?"— "Did not someone die in the night?"

August 1. We were going along heavily in our accustomed way when a little armed ship had the audacity to give chase to us. We fired a volley at it, and it made for the open sea, after sending several shots which could not reach us. It was comical to see the *Courier of Europe* amusing itself by fishing for cod while we were fighting, as if it judged such a feeble enemy unworthy of its wrath.

This meeting would have diverted us under any other circumstances, but it was no time to laugh. Out of 280 men we had 120 sick, and among those whose health—

"Land! Land! . . . . See the land!" "No! It is not land." "I still see it." "Impossible! My glasses are better than yours, and I see nothing." "What, don't you see those hills, and those breakers?" "No, I tell you I see nothing." "But surely those are trees, there, on your left." "No, it looks more like houses . . . . or rocks." "None of those things, gentlemen, they are clouds, and nothing more." "But . . . No . . . Yes . . ." "Let us go back to the table. It was not worth the nuisance of upsetting

things, of breaking glasses and bottles and getting covered with the sauce of a stew, to go and look at mirages."

Nevertheless, we had regained courage, and the dinner was very gay. We drank the healths of our friends, of their wives, and of their children. A good American, grieved to see that no-one addressed any toasts to the chaplain, asked us if he were married. You may be sure that our young officers replied in the affirmative. Then the man gravely proposed the health of Mrs. Capucin and of their children.

"Land!"

Oh, this time we may believe it. It is the top-men at the tops of the masts who tell us. "Land! Land! Land!"

Share our joy. It actually was the land, and there was no sick man so weakened that he did not find a little strength to see so long-desired a sight. No, the most flowery banks, the loveliest gardens, the most magnificent palaces, do not approach the beauty of the rock which I see. It is Cape Ann, our pilots assure us, and to destroy all the doubts which may still remain, a fishing boat has come to confirm it. It tells us also that the seas are free and that for a long time no English vessel has appeared in them.

Here we are in Massachusetts Bay. We have reached port and have let down the anchor, and, while waiting for daylight, we sup gaily, sleep peacefully, and dream good dreams.

August 3. It was one o'clock in the morning, and I was in fact dreaming that I was in this Boston with which my thoughts had been so much occupied during the whole day. Suddenly confused cries were heard, and the ship's bell rang to warn of danger. I woke suddenly, and heard them repeat around me, "Clear the decks, we are boarded!"

The alarm was caused by a light breeze, which made us drag our anchor, and blew us into the *Courier of Europe.* This adventure caused her to lose her bowsprit, which penetrated through a window into the frigate's large room.

We got out of it for nothing but the fright, and the *Courier of Europe* suffered this loss in port, after having been safe and sound throughout a crossing of over a thousand leagues.

For the rest, without pausing over all the details of our disembarking, I shall be satisfied to tell you that I threw myself into the first long boat which came up, that I left the whole crew a league from Boston, and that here I am on land the first of all, with nothing more pressing to do than to tell you about it.

Chapter Two

BOSTON

1779

We are now in Boston.

When I see these regions which were once savage and almost deserted, and to-day are peopled, fertile, and covered with orchards, I cannot tire of admiring the progress of civilization, which has made more advance here in a hundred years than Europe has made in ten centuries.

The Council of State of Massachusetts has thought it proper to lodge us at the house of one of its members. It is Mr. Cushing, a good loyal American, very much like M. Freport. He received us with a hospitable simplicity,

without display and without affection, and as if he were thoroughly glad to have us staying with him.

We had been told before we left Europe that it was the custom here to begin the day by drinking a glass of wine and eating a few cakes; that at about ten o'clock people took coffee or tea with fruit and some cold meat; that if one made or received any calls wine was brought out again; that one drank a few toasts in order to pass away the time until dinner; that this dinner lasted about two hours; that towards five or six o'clock people drank tea, punch, and other refreshments; and that in this way one finally arrived at supper, which ordinarily was fairly simple.

The Americans are sober, but they do not readily permit foreigners who live amongst them to practice this virtue. Furthermore, this manner of living has not been very good for our health, and I have decided to avoid all these repasts between meals, and to rest content with breakfast, dinner, and supper.

The dinner is not very much like ours. It begins with a grace said impressively by a priest or by the oldest member of the family. All the courses, even dessert, are served at one time. The table-cloth falls over the knees of the diners and takes the place of napkins. The dishes, as you might expect, have seemed to us badly prepared, but that is a matter of taste, so that the Americans may say the same of our dishes. With the first glass, one drinks the health of all the diners, without exception; and if one

has any special liking for any one of them, one invites him, during the meal, to fill his glass again, and the two friends drink each other's health. Usually the women sit next to each other, and go out at dessert, either on their own initiative or after a signal from the host. It was difficult for us to get used to this rather severe custom. We were told that it is part of the strictness of the customs of these people, who have thought it desirable to send away the women at the time when the men, excited by liquors or by wine, might forget the respect which is due them. I should prefer that this austerity had led them by the shortest road to the respect due to women, that is, to observe the laws of sobriety, so that one would not see the table left bare, at dessert, as it is, and transformed into a sort of tobacco parlor where people smoke, or sometimes get drunk, and where they consume all the things supplied to a point which seems to us exceedingly strange.

When the ladies, to my regret, go away, the table cloth is taken up. The bottles and the glasses remain, with some fruit, on a mahogany[11] table, and the guests start to drink healths again. Sometimes these are political, sometimes military, and sometimes the jokers think up rather smutty ones. Some people have wished that we should change this custom by substituting French customs. We did nothing about it. For one person whom our little revolution would please, there are a hundred who hold to their old ways. We should conform, if it were only in order not to deprive the American young ladies who are

asked for a toast of the pleasure of naming, loudly and without blushing, the man whom they prefer secretly, of hearing his name repeated around, and of learning by the silence of the diners, or by the praise which they give, whether their choice has been good or bad.

Our dear *Good Friend* has been found again, and we shall have something to wear and to eat. It was a miracle, and we owe it to the fog. The wretched ship was met by a pirate, it had struck its flag, and they were going to board it as a prize, when the fog became so thick that they could not see from one deck to the other. The captain, by a stroke of skill and boldness of which I should not have believed him capable, tacked suddenly, and in less than ten minutes was out of sight of the enemy. Two other ships of our little squadron have likewise arrived, but there is no news at all of the *Thunderer.*

August 9. The room which I had yesterday, previously was used by the public, and everybody came there to write their diaries and their letters, or to discuss business, as if they were in a café. This morning, when I came home, I found a peasant seated in my armchair, writing at my desk, with my pen, on my paper, and not moving at my arrival. I had to talk to someone, and I proposed to the man that he should write in an anteroom. He replied that he was more comfortable here. "But you are in my room." "No, it is you who are in the public's room." A little annoyed with this ill-breeding, I told him

ill-humoredly not to disturb himself. He replied that he had no intention of doing so, and that my request was unnecessary. When I had thought it over, I reflected that it was hardly right to inconvenience the public for the benefit of a single person, that this peasant valued his own convenience at least as much as I could value mine, and that in spite of his lack of politeness, he had not been in any way in the wrong. We made peace by drinking a glass of wine, and I went elsewhere.

We are unbelievably anxious to receive news of you, and although we have hardly arrived, we shall carry injustice to the point of believing that if you get no letters it is because you have not written us.

I will continue my description of Boston and of the customs of its residents.

I should have spoken of them in the first days after my arrival, for I was then more impressed than I am now with the differences between their customs and ours. I was still finding it extraordinary that a woman should leave her hair its natural color, should be satisfied to arrange it with an elegant simplicity, and should not disguise it at all with colored powder.[12] I will tell you on this occasion that an American woman to whom I mentioned my surprise asked me if the French ladies powdered their eyebrows too. Rouge is proscribed even more severely than powder, and I had not the least difficulty in getting used to so natural a custom. I have not

yet seen a beautiful woman, but I have seen several who were rather pretty. There are none of these Parisian waists, so slim and fine that they are sometimes out of proportion with the rest of the body, but if you wish well-set-up bodies, formed by nature and not by the tailors, you have only to speak and we will show them to you by the hundred.

Their luxury hardly distinguishes the materials suitable for the different seasons, and while the heat seemed insupportable to us, we received calls from the most elegant people, who, to do us honor, wore velvet clothes; and we found women dressed in satin and damask.

The Americans take pleasure in calling attention to the monuments of the animosity, or to speak as they do, the fury of the English. "Here are the ruins of Charlestown which they reduced to ashes. A little farther is Bunker Hill, where we killed twelve hundred of their men. Those distant woods are in the neighborhood of Lexington, where on the 20th of April 1775 the English for the first time shed the blood of their brothers, and where the bond which had united the two empires was broken forever. These redoubts, and these entrenchments, which surround Roxbury, were raised against our tyrants. It is by them that those dykes were destroyed, of which you see the remains and which kept the isthmus of Boston from being washed away by the sea. This church in the middle of the city, they made into a riding school, out of

hatred for the Congregationalists to whom it belongs. It is from the top of this mountain that our Washington brought about the submission of General Howe. It is in that plain, at the foot of the hill on which we are standing, that the English had their camp, and this walk, formerly lined with trees which made a wholesome shade, has been reduced by that barbarous nation to the condition which you see, in which no useful object is left. And this is what their ministers call British clemency!"

Begging is unknown in America. There are, in almost all the towns, hostels which take in old people or those who are unable to work. As for the unemployed, there are other institutions where care is taken that they lack neither work nor food.

Religious persecution brought about the flight from Europe of the first colonists who came to settle in New England. They have still preserved, especially the Presbyterians, a violent hatred of monarchy. This hatred took on new strength at the time of the Revolution. Moreover a number of highly placed persons to-day look upon religion as a political instrument, and most of the ministers have been ardent promoters of the Revolution. The people of each parish fix, each year, a certain sum for their minister's support, and those persons whose public or private conduct is not satisfactory are very heavily burdened by this tax.

The only authorized churches are those of the Presbyterians or Congregationalists, the Anglicans, the Quakers, and the Baptists.

August 14. This country is charming. Nothing more picturesque could be seen than this harbor broken up by fertile and inhabited islands covered with little buildings which give life and movement to the view. Here and there are rocks which contrast perfectly with the plain and rustic villages.

Everything is wild, austere, and rough on one side; nothing could be more cheerful than the pictures to be seen on the other. This farm is in an enchanted situation. The orchard abounds in fruit, the paths which cross the meadow are covered with a delicious shade, and the farmer's wife has just offered me refreshing and delicately flavored milk. Her daughters are cordial and rather pretty. There is a big farm-boy who appears to be the intended husband of the elder. I say husband, for I do not allow myself a different thought, even, since I landed in America. Their dwelling is neat and in a good situation. . . .

Mlle de Montry is about to exclaim that I am raving, that I admire because the objects are new. I beg her pardon. The thing which has interested me most in this lovely countryside is that except in the neighborhood of the sea, it resembles very much a hundred spots in the country around Metz, that splendid country where my friends and

family are, and which will always be for me the most beautiful country in the world.

At the beginning of the colonization of the colony of Massachusetts, reason, common sense, and natural law took the place of laws for the colonists. This society in its infancy can be compared to a large family ruled by the authority of a wise and stern father. A man named Plistore stole four bushels of wheat from the Indians. He was condemned to restore it double, to pay a fine of about 150 *livres tournois*,[13] and to be called in the future "Josiah Plistore" without being allowed to prefix the word "Mr." to his name. A drunkard was condemned to do several tasks of value to the community. They put in irons a workman who asked too high wages, and made him pay a fine also. The very suspicion of slander, of laziness, or of sloth was punished by whipping and prison. A girl of light conduct was merely warned. Double adultery, however, if proved, was often punished by the death of the two guilty persons. It must be admitted that nothing is rarer, even to-day, than this offense. A husband easily got a separation from an unfaithful wife. When it was the wife who complained of the infidelity of her husband, she had more difficulty in getting a separation.

In the infancy of this society, it had no other law than the commandments of God. When a more numerous population demanded a body of regular laws, the codifiers took as the basis of their legislation the law of Moses.

The offenses which it condemns are punished with an extreme severity. Those about which it is silent are hardly noticed at all.

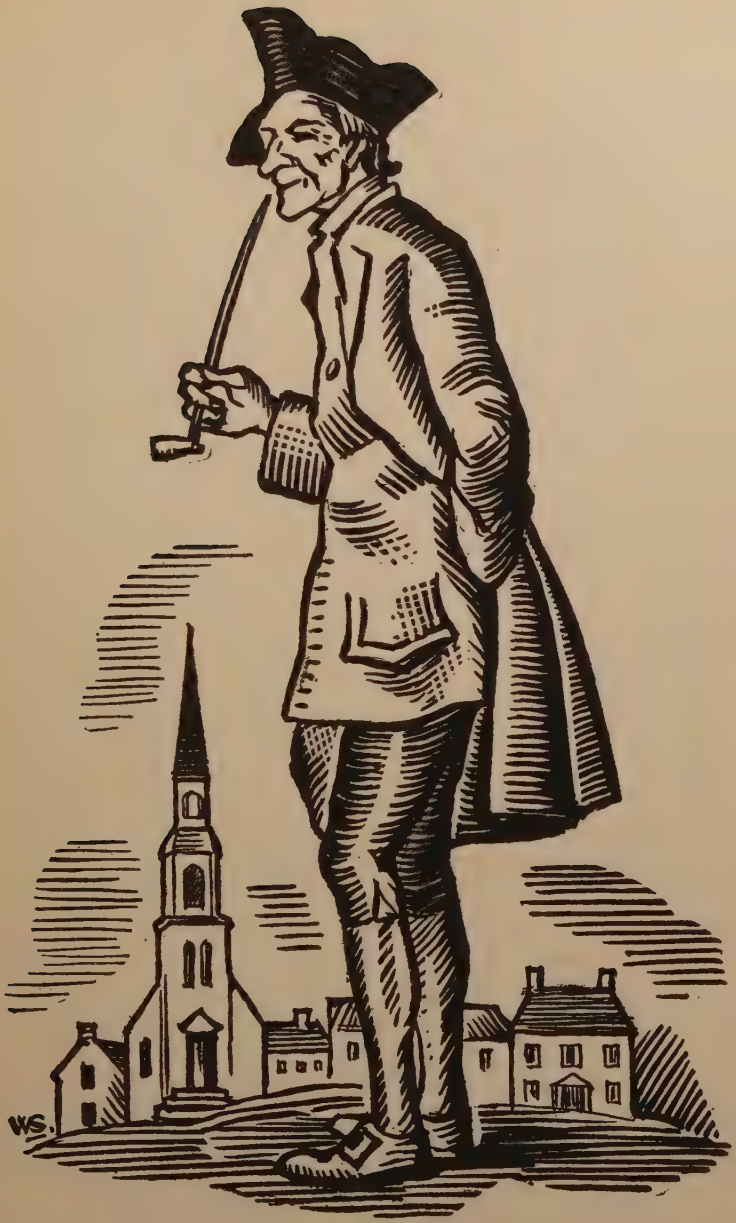
I found in Boston a man who was supposed to be enlightened, and who undertook to prove to me that the savages wash the feet of strangers, cover newly married women with veils, and in their festivals pronounce a word which is like *alleluia.* It is clear, therefore, that they are descendants of the Jews, and that the Europeans, in driving them from their possessions, have merely fulfilled the prophecies.

Here there are no men held as slaves who were taken as prisoners of war; that practice has been given up in modern times, and a number of people persist in condemning all slavery. The only slaves are blacks. Nothing is rarer than a mulatto. Opinion, which agrees with the laws, proscribes every sort of union between the blacks and the whites.

A man may beat his wife if he will pay a fine of ten pounds. If it is the wife who has beaten her husband, she receives the same penalty, but if she has no money and if her husband refuses to pay for her, she runs the risk of being whipped.

Goods are equally divided between heirs of the same degree of nearness to the testator.

Every year commissioners chosen in each town verify its boundaries and landmarks, and this custom, which is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neither costly nor inconvenient, prevents a great many lawsuits.

The taxes were very light before the Revolution; they were collected easily and levied justly. Because the actual needs of the government have increased considerably, it looks as if we shall see arriving in turn personal taxes, property taxes, special taxes on the common people, excises, and the whole succession of financial measures under which our European states are sinking down. But the people look upon these payments with horror, and will resist a long time before submitting to them.

The colony was first obliged to defend itself against the savages. Next it believed itself obliged to attack the French settlements. Those two causes developed and maintained a military spirit. The English were glad to nourish it, and it is to this imprudent policy that the British government ought to attribute part of the energy and courage which the Americans are displaying to-day.

The colony, at the beginning, enjoyed a sort of independence. It had the right to make war and peace with the neighboring savages, to mint money, and to administer justice, without mentioning the king of England in its public acts. The spirit of liberty has continued up to our own time and become actual revolution. It is from this state that the harshest measures and those most harmful to England have proceeded. The colony lost a great many of its privileges in 1692 by a new charter. It has not yet drawn up its constitution, but after having considered

the good and bad results experienced by the other states which have hurried to accomplish that necessary work, it appears to be on the point of taking up the work with the expectation of doing it well.

But I perceive that I am not living up to our agreement. The journal is taking a serious tone, and I seem to have begun a history. I promise to give it up.

The houses in Boston are almost all built after a uniform plan. The only difference is in the proportions. There is a ground floor and two upper stories. It is five windows wide, and the door is in the middle. There is a vestibule with a staircase just inside the door. As for anterooms, they do not know what they are. Porters and doorkeepers exist only in their imagination. For instance, the president of the State is the head of a body in which resides the exercise of the sovereign power, and he is the most important person in the district. We owed him a call. We knocked at his door and he came himself to open it and received us in a clean room, but one Spartan in its simplicity. When the call was over, he showed us out himself, his candle in his hand, and since it was late, I judge that he put the key in his pocket and went to bed.

In some of the States the chief justice, who is a really important person, receives very modest pay, and since he has no horses he goes on foot to make his circuits of eighty to a hundred leagues. You will ask me what sort of judge it is who goes from town to town carrying justice to the

citizens, and perhaps you will think it worthier the majesty of the courts that the plaintiffs should come to seek them. These people here have quite different ideas on the matter. They calculate that the officials have been created to spare individuals the trouble of moving about, to administer good, quick, and convenient justice; and that justice is much better rendered in the very place where the dispute has arisen or where the crime has been committed; that testimony is more reliable and inquiries are easier—and nothing in the world can destroy their prejudices in the matter. They will get over it.

We often meet senators, respected magistrates, coming back from the market carrying greenstuffs, or fish. I had my attention called to the same thing in Venice, but there is this striking difference, that the Venetian senator carefully hides the goods he has bought under his robe, and that you would not guess they were there unless some very long root or very wriggling fish betrayed him. The Bostonian on the contrary holds up his head, and no more blushes to carry food than does a European to carry a book or a print which he has just bought. His habits are too simple for him to make a mystery of so natural a thing.

But I do not share these details with you to amuse you at the expense of the Americans. I know your good will, and I will satisfy myself by remarking that these same men who open their doors themselves, who go on foot to judge the people, who buy their own food, are those who

have brought about this Revolution, and who, when it is necessary, raise a musket to their shoulders and march on the enemy. And between ourselves, I am not sure that people who have porters, stewards, butlers, and covered carriages with springs, would have offered the same resistance to despotism.

We were surprised to see, every Saturday, the tables covered with fish, and especially with salt fish. We were edified to find among the Presbyterians a practice which I thought peculiar to the Catholics. We have since learned that this custom has no religion in it, and that the inhabitants of the northern part of America, whose chief wealth is in fishing, have adopted it for purely commercial reasons and to benefit their fisheries.

August 24. This colony is still in its infancy, if its age is considered. It is only one hundred and fifty years old, but one cannot, without being struck with admiration, think of the progress which it has made in most of the respects which matter for the welfare of society.

We have been to see the college in Cambridge, which is three leagues from Boston. The founders of this establishment chose a dwelling-place worthy of the muses—not those who like spots which are cragged and difficult and inaccessible to ordinary mortals, but those whose intercourse is more gentle, and whom it is easier to approach, as suits the needs of a society which is just beginning, and which ought to want progress in useful and

general knowledge rather than the sublime productions of genius.

Cambridge is in the midst of a plain cut in two by a river which bears its name. Several houses, elegant in their simplicity, are scattered about the countryside, and proclaim the comfort of their owners, just as the fine orchards, the crops, and the meadows which surround these dwellings indicate the fertility of the soil.

The college consists of five buildings solidly built. The greater part of the money was given by individual rich men. It is said that England, interested in keeping her colonies in ignorance, did not see the establishment without anxiety; but it would have been too repellent to stop its development, and so she was content with failing to contribute. The chairs are filled by well-educated men, and the plan of study impressed us as well thought out. The revenues of the college are estimated at 60,000 *livres tournois*. The war has considerably diminished the number of students, and there are now only 120.

We were received in the library of the museum by all the professors, at whose head was the rector or president, in ceremonial dress. He made three low bows to His Excellency,[14] and made him a speech in Latin.

When the President had finished, three more bows were made to him, and there was another Latin speech, which was highly successful. Nevertheless, this reply had been composed a little hurriedly, and I do not know how the orator happened to say that he considered that this

interview was the *connubium* of the French and Atlantic muses. At this expression you might have seen several young bachelors of arts smile maliciously, as if they were thinking that such a marriage could not be very productive.

We found at Cambridge none of the natural curiosities which we had expected to see. A few arms, a few savage garments, a few snakes, a few very ordinary mosquitoes, were all that the collection contained. They showed us an entire Bible in an Indian language, translated by an English minister who had learned one of the languages of the savages. I got myself a copy which I will lend you on my return. This monument of active rather than well-directed zeal has not been very useful to the men whom the author had in view. The respect due to this sacred book, which can be understood only by those who have a great fund of preliminary knowledge, does not prevent one from observing that it must be very obscure to individuals whose instruction has been so imperfect and whose light is so limited. These ignorant people, not being able to understand the mystical meaning of many facts reported in the Old Testament, would have to consider them examples of barbarity and inhumanity which they would be only too much inclined to imitate.

A good moral catechism, four pages long, which they could learn by heart, is what is suited to them, and the author of such a work would be able to boast of having rendered a real service to humanity. To be sure, the In-

dian bible will have a usefulness which its author has probably not forseen. It will furnish several analogies with known languages, and lead to actual knowledge of this primitive and original language about which scholars have previously known merely from guesswork.

I should not forget among the strange things which we saw in Cambridge the copy of an inscription or carved stone, of which they gave me a much reduced replica which I enclose. It is just one-twelfth the size of the original. This monument, one of the most complete which exists within the bounds of the thirteen United States, is found on a rock near Dighton, about forty-five miles south of Boston. It was copied September 13, 1768 by Mr. Stephen Sewall who, along with several other interested people, told me about it as accurately as he could. This rock is situated on the eastern bank of the Taunton River. It is covered by the sea during high tides. It is about fifty feet long and three feet eight inches high. It is reddish, and the side which bears the inscription is smooth and flat and leans a little out of the perpendicular towards the river. If I dared have an opinion, I should honestly believe that it is a trophy of some victory won by an American nation over an enemy tribe, or perhaps the pastime of some idle Indians who were more ingenious and less lazy than the rest.[15]

We saw near the college a church which is both in style and in situation really romantic. I use the word without hesitation, and I should like to make a present of it to our

language from which the English have unscrupulously stolen it. Trees which the axe has not disfigured and which have preserved their independent and natural shapes, surround this building, which might easily be taken for a Greek temple. It is a church built for the Anglicans. The Congregationalists took alarm at it. After several years the pastor, obliged to yield to their opposition, retired, and the building is no longer of any use except to embellish the landscape.[16]

August 27. We are very attentive to the sermons, church services, and prayers of the different denominations established in Boston. The churches do not approach ours either in beauty or in solidity, size, or richness, but they are cleaner and better lighted, perhaps excessively so, for as a consequence they have less of a religious appearance. You will not find a single beggar in them, nor even an untidily-dressed man, no-one from the hospital for the blind to hit you with his stick, no verger to interrupt you with the noise of his halberd.[17] Everyone arrives at the proper hour, and behaves with the greatest reverence. I do not know whether the sermons have been prepared for us. At least we have noticed no discussion of doctrines. There have been discourses on some point of morals equally interesting to a Catholic, a protestant, a Jew, a Turk, or an unbeliever. In addition, all their places of worship resound with prayers addressed to the Lord for their great and illustrious ally, and this is a circumstance

worthy of note in a country where religious intolerance, and prejudice against the French, have been carried to the most extravagant lengths.

August 28. We were dining with a planter who is established at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, when a humming-bird, a tiny bird of the sparrow family, flew into a nearby room, and let itself be caught without much difficulty. It is the smallest of birds.[18] Its beak is tapering, its claws very tiny. It has on its head a jet-black topknot, its plumage is streaked with purple, green, and gold, and its lovely colors gleam brilliantly in the sun. They threw flowers towards it, and it hovered over them, making a murmuring noise—this noise has caused naturalists to give it the name of humming-bird. It sucked the juice from these flowers, and pecked at a quill pen in which honey had been put. Although it is common in those states to which we are planning to go, it is rather rare in the North, and winter is usually fatal to it.

We have been filled with a certain amount of fear of the rattlesnake. Not a year passes without its bite killing several inhabitants, but we saw no living examples of it. Serious people told us that the effect of the gaze of this dangerous reptile is such that if a bird perched on a tree were rash enough to stare at it, the bird would soon begin to have horrible convulsions, and would get excited and fly from branch to branch as if to fight off an irresistible attraction, until, overcome by a charm more powerful

than its own efforts, it would throw itself suddenly into the jaws of its enemy, who would instantly devour it. To hear this is like reading one of the legends of Greek mythology, and the poet-philosophers of antiquity could have used no symbol more striking to express. . . . Forgive me, ladies, I was going to blaspheme, as if I were sure that I was proof against the glances of the serpent.

The fact is so generally stated that I do not take it upon myself to deny it; but if the bird darts towards the monster, it is less to let itself be devoured than in order to fight it, and if you interpret the allegory thus, it is still true to life.

There is found here a species of flying squirrel, very pretty and very skillful, which is very easily tamed. Their tail resembles an opened fan, and is attached to two light membranes which stretch out one on each side of the body, and give the squirrels the means of carrying themselves thirty feet horizontally from the point from which they drop.

Before leaving Boston, I should tell you a little about the Adamses and about General Gates and General Hancock, who have played such a great part in the revolution and will leave a name to be respected by posterity. We have seen them frequently during our stay here.[19] But since I promised you not to put a line of politics into my journal, I shall tell you instead about Phyllis, one of the

strangest creatures in the country and perhaps in the whole world.

Phyllis is a negress, born in Africa, brought to Boston at the age of ten, and sold to a citizen of that city. She learned English with unusual ease, eagerly read and re-read the Bible, the only book which had been put in her hands, became steeped in the poetic images of which it is full, and at the age of seventeen published a number of poems in which there is imagination, poetry, and zeal, though no correctness nor order nor interest. I read them with some surprise. They are printed, and in the front of the book there are certificates of authenticity which leave no doubt that she is its author.

We are now ready to leave for the army. Do not expect anything like travels in Europe—neither descriptions of palaces, nor of gardens nor temples, nor stories of festivals and entertainments. We shall not have a word to say to you about Titian, or Raphael, or Correggio, or Poussin. I do not believe that there is a single good picture in the entire United States. Nor shall we tell you about Gluck and Sacchini. There will be no examples of architecture worthy of attracting our attention for a moment, and not a single remarkable bridge. We shall cross large deep rivers modestly, by boat. We shall find good roads everywhere where it has been easy to make them, and bad roads full of stones and rocks wherever nature has wished. There are no old castles, none of those ancient towers,

perched on cliffs and half-destroyed, which so adorn our own countryside. As for ruins, to find them it would be necessary to come back in a few centuries, and even then I imagine there would be hardly any. We see, to be sure, houses burned and farms abandoned, but their destruction is a result of the war, and the sight of these ravages does not leave in the spirit that gentle sense of melancholy which is felt at the sight of the works of man overturned by the hand of time. We shall never say, "It is here that a conqueror gave battle to his enemy—there two powerful kings put an end to war by a treaty." They will show us no crowns, no robes of ancient kings, no tomb of some famous poet or illustrious warrior, no city famous for having seen the birth of some man of genius—or if there are such, we shall have to wait until time has fixed their value, as it does for ancient medals.

As for religious monuments, they are even rarer. There is not a relic to visit or a saint to reverence in the whole vast empire. Religion has not a single martyr; the only martyrs are those of liberty. How can I write a journal in this complete absence of everything that could make it interesting? I shall try, however, Mademoiselle, and all that I can guarantee is to be silent when I have nothing to say.

Chapter Three

THE JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA

1779

September 4—15 miles. We left Boston, the fourth of September, at five o'clock in the afternoon, in a carriage drawn by six horses, and we have come to spend the night at Weston. We have provisions of every sort, and shall renew them any time that occasion offers. We are at the season of the year which is most favorable for making the journey and for getting acquainted with the country which we have to cross. The countryside is lovely, the fields are fertile all the way to Weston. Fine orchards,

Indian corn in abundance, green and flowering meadows, houses scattered along the way, all continually give variety to the landscape.

September 5—29 miles. The next day we dined at Marlboro, a pretty good-sized village, and we spent the night at Worcester. It was as we approached this last spot that we found we were traveling through an entirely new country. The roads were practicable, but the dwellings were more distant from each other. They told us that the finest farms and richest inhabitants were in the interior of the wood. Almost the entire county is covered with a vast forest through which the road passes; they have begun to clear the land in a few spots where the soil has seemed more fertile and cultivation less difficult.

September 6—22 miles. The same kind of land as the day before—a great many stones and granite rocks on the surface of the earth—that is what we saw as we continued our journey.

No form of activity is considered ignoble here as long as it is useful to society. Sometimes, we learned that the keeper of the inn was a colonel in the forces of the State; sometimes we saw a priest himself getting in the crops or working in his fields. We heard them address as "captain" a man who was putting his hay in stacks, or who was leading his cow to a nearby brook. Everywhere there is an air of ease and even of abundance, not a single beggar, not a man whose miserable aspect might interfere

with the pleasure which we took in contemplating the presence of happiness and liberty.

One day we had a superfluity of provisions. We said to our host, "Give this to the poor." He hardly understood us, and no poor could be found.

We went through pretty little villages, without ever having an official come up, hat in hand, and with a mawkish expression, beg us in the name of the Thirteen States to get out of our carriages and let him inspect them.[20] Here are no tolls on each bridge, no seignorial rights on entering or leaving districts, no salt tax falling heavily on some and lightly on others, no monopoly of good Dutch tobacco, no smugglers or dealers in contraband salt, and no farm guards.

I admit also that there are no masterpieces of Gluck nor of Greuze, nor Bouchardon, nor of our famous authors. But in return, all the unrestrained ways which characterize newborn nations are united to the real advantages which the older societies of Europe enjoy, without any of the maladies which afflict some of those exhausted and decrepit social structures.

We had arrived very early at Brookfield where we were to sleep. While waiting till supper was ready, we went for a walk to the west of the little village, and went down into a charming valley, of which the rural appearance had attracted us. The countryside was covered with harvesters and mowers; all of them cheerful people, healthy, well-nourished, and well-clothed.[21] We spoke to one of

them who seemed to be the farmer and whom the others addressed as "major." We made him talk about his farm and his way of living. He told us that his chief wealth consisted in cattle, that the grain which he harvested was not always sufficient for the consumption of his household, but that at need potatoes supplemented it; that his orchards furnished him with good cider, and with fruit, for the whole year, and that his cows gave excellent milk; and he made us taste a fine cheese made on his farm. "During the winter, also, I make with the wool from my sheep the cloth which you see," he continued. "My daughters and my wife spin, and for sixteen years I have not bought an ell of cloth. You see this forest a quarter of a league [22] from my house. I possess a piece of it three hundred acres in extent. I find there material to repair my house, to build new barns, and to make many fires during the winter." One of us asked him "who possessed 'the low and high justice,' how much rent he paid to the lord of the village, how much it cost each time a piece of property changed hands, who had the right to the payment of a fifth and the fifth of a fifth, if he were allowed to hunt and fish, if the cider press, the tower, and the mill were far away, if he were allowed to have a dovecote, if the tithe was heavy and forced labor frequent and painful, how many bushels of salt he was obliged to consume, how much was the tax on drinks, and if there was capital punishment for those who were convicted of having tobacco plants in their gardens." [23]

At all these questions, he started to laugh. He could not form a conception of so many obstacles placed in the way of the free exercise of the right of property and the liberty of individuals. He told us that justice was neither high nor low in America, but perfectly fair and equal for everyone, and we could not make him understand at all what sort of beings lords of the village were. He continued to think that we were trying to talk to him about a justice of the peace, and he could not distinguish the idea of superiority from that of magistracy.

As we were leaving this obliging farmer, we found a considerable gathering of people. We were told that they were coming from a neighboring town where they had attended the punishment of a criminal, that since this spectacle was rare the people were very greedy to see it. It is, of course, a very natural thing that offences should be infrequent in a society where there are no needy persons at all, where forbidden things are very few in number, where the simplicity of the government leaves each man master of his actions more than anywhere else, and where they have no experience of the artificially created crimes of modern times which result solely from the needs, the destitution, or the misery of some individuals, or the avarice and opulence of others. As we continued our walk, we came to a beautiful lake of clear calm water, surrounded on one side by gay and flowering pastures and on the other by a tall wood of which the verdure was reflected by the surface of the water. The sassafras gave

out a pleasant odor, the magnolia tree was in bloom, the tulip, the catalpa, and several other trees natural to this country presented beauties new to our eyes.

A flock of sheep grazed in the shade, and since this rural scene seemed extremely interesting, we crossed, by a bridge formed of three beams, a brook which flows out of the lake and winds through the meadow. Two pretty and healthy-looking girls were seated under an oak tree. On their heads were straw hats decorated with wild flowers and ribbons; bouquets of cornflowers were on their bosoms. A bodice, a petticoat, a neckerchief of linen white as snow, was their costume. They were making willow baskets. On the grass near them we saw milk, bread, and fruit, and our imaginations were transported into the vales of Arcady. It was the image of innocence and peace, and if I have ever believed in happiness, I did so then. If we draw a picture from the imagination, we always put in it shepherds with pipes or flutes in their hands. No, Mademoiselle, our two young shepherdesses were alone; they were guarding their flock, and a huge dog was guarding them so carefully that we could not go near them, or talk to them. And you should know that this is a faithful picture of almost all young American country girls; and that I have not tried to embellish at all for your eyes. I was forgetting, however . . . yes, I must admit everything to you . . . besides, that would produce a good effect in the design in bistre which I beg Madame de la Luzerne to make, under the inspiration of Monsieur

Pierre. She must be willing to give the shepherdesses neither socks, nor buskins, nor anything of the sort.

When we came out of this beautiful valley, we came amongst steep and stony mountains. The road is extremely difficult and not without danger. One of the carriages upset, and it took a great deal of labor to get it back on its wheels. Everywhere there are woods, dwellings are rarer, the landscape is wild, and we should find it monotonous were it not that from time to time we come upon lakes and streams which give it freshness and variety. To our great satisfaction, the jolting roads came to an end four miles beyond Palmer. After that we found a kindlier soil, and a level plain road going through an opening in the woods. It is very convenient in summer, but it must be very difficult at the beginning and end of the winter.

Finally we saw the city of Springfield and the approaches to the Connecticut River, on which the city lies. We were tired of the aridity of the country which we had just crossed. When we reached Springfield we found the country again as populous and as highly cultivated as the most beautiful parts of Europe, and the dwellings so close together that the two banks of the Connecticut from Springfield to Hartford, a distance of six leagues, could be compared with a series of contiguous villages.

September 8. We saw in Springfield an enclosure filled with artillery where there were eighty small pieces from

two- to eight-pounders, most of them bearing the King's arms. Two leagues above the city is a waterfall which prevents the people from sailing farther up the Connecticut. The river is navigable down to Suffield, and we decided to embark in a sloop covered with freshly cut boughs, while our carriages and our horses went by land. The sail is charming. The current is slow, but with four rowers we made a league and a half in an hour. The river is a quarter of a mile wide and its edges are covered with fine forests, which shaded the right bank so thickly that we felt invited to eat dinner on the land. The turf served us as chairs, a fallen tree took the place of a table, large leaves of the tulip tree were made into napkins, and our wine was cooled in a nearby spring. We shared our pasties, our fruit, the Burgundy wine in our canteen, with our sailors. The savage nymphs of the Connecticut were astonished at the novelty of this meal, on a bank where formerly they had seen human blood flow, during sacrifices, and the flesh of prisoners served at feasts.

We discovered a huge granite rock half bathed by the river. It had been shaped, in a crude fashion, and we pretended to believe that it was a cannibal altar. We pretended to purify it, and each of us was to consecrate it to his favorite divinity. We made the customary libations, we placed several offerings, and finally each of us carved an inscription of his own choice. Some were philosophical, some tender, some warlike. I did not have much time, and I made mine short:

"A Frenchman to Friendship."

At the same time I directed my intention towards the East, I repeated your names to the echoes of the Connecticut, and they pronounced them as clearly and with as little accent as French echoes would have done.

It was here that we abandoned a large cask of crackers; I mention it so that you can amuse yourself at our expense. On leaving Boston, we were so terrified of the journey which we had to make, and of the lack of supplies of which we had been told, that along with all sorts of provisions we took some crackers. I do not know how we failed to take water along, also. At any rate, our crackers were hardly more useful than that would have been, and we found fairly good bread all along the way.

We got into our boat again, and according to our custom made our oarsmen talk. We learned that one of them was Scotch, another Irish, a third from Anspach, and the last Hessian.

You must know, at this point, ladies, that our coachman and our postilion are deserters from the German-English forces, just as our four oarsmen are, and that among the horsemen who compose our escorts, three-quarters are English and only the other fourth are Americans. It seems strange that under the circumstances the Minister of France should be carried on water and on land, should be escorted, and should be waited on, by men brought to America at great expense by the English government.

When we had reached Suffield, we were told that we could not go down the Connecticut as far as Hartford without incurring the risk of running onto rocks which are on a level with the water over a distance of three or four miles. We were rather disposed to run the risk, but the men who were taking us told us that they were responsible to the State for the preservation of our persons, and that they would not allow them to be endangered unnecessarily. They had no difficulty in persuading us that we were extremely valuable to the American republic, and as we are excellent citizens, we yielded to their representations and reëntered our carriages. You will see that in spite of our prudence, the safety of America ran a great risk. We were alone, M. de la Luzerne and I, in a four-wheeled carriage, lightly built, which Madame d'Alleray, who is certainly not the strongest woman in her century, could draw with her little finger.

The militia of the country was assembled because an attack by the English was expected. A company came together and presented arms to His Excellency. The noise and the sudden movement of the arms frightened the horses, and since at the same moment, to do us honor, they fired a cannon, the horses took the bits in their teeth, broke the reins, and dragged us off across ditches, hummocks, and rocks. In front of us was a precipice toward which they were running, and we thought of jumping out, when a dragoon from our escort galloped to the horses' heads, and pressed them so hard that he obliged

them to turn towards an angle formed by two houses, where they stopped. Order was reëstablished as well as possible, and although the horses, still frightened, seemed ready to run away again, we had to go on our way, because night was approaching. . . . Night—yes, Mademoiselle, night was falling, and it was on that account that we were doubly imprudent, as one of us remarked to his companion. "It is true," said he to me, "that it is not very wise, and Madame de la Luzerne would be in a pretty fright if she were here,"—"I would not believe her so timid." "Well, she has only one fault and that is that she is a little fearful." "She is also, if you please. . . ." I cannot finish, for while we were chatting thus, there we were, going down at a full gallop towards a bridge the width of our carriage, without supports, or guard rails, made of badly joined beams through which we saw clear, deep, rapid water. If one of our horses had stumbled, all would have been over. And in fact, while I was being warned not to mention it in my diary, didn't that cursed horse on the right. . . . Reassure yourselves, ladies, nothing very bad happened, and we crossed, without mishap, the lovely district of Windsor, which we saw by the clear starlight. Out in the country we heard the singing of the women and the flageolet of the herdsmen. And we arrived at Hartford, the capital of Connecticut, or if you prefer, the chief city of that state, for they do not know what a capital is, and the cities are equal to each other here, just as individuals are.

We must observe good form, and I beg you to allow me to leave you a moment so that I can go to see the famous Governor Trumbull, whose history you will know, in every detail, if you read the *Courier de l'Europe* as attentively as you promised me you would.

When I was announced, the old man was saying his prayers. While I waited for him to finish, I examined the furnishings of his room, which were extremely Spartan in their simplicity,—an armchair, two other chairs, a mahogany table, a lamp hung from the ceiling, a gun, and a halberd, and finally a sword fastened to the wall. Those were all the ornaments in his room. His personal appearance was just as plain. He is justly revered by all the citizens of Connecticut, and is one of the men who have rendered the greatest services to the cause of independence. You surely do not want to know what he said to us. I will simply tell you that he told us the story of the present war, and intends to write a history of it. I hope very much that his advanced age will not prevent the execution of this design. With your permission, in conclusion, I will enliven my account by telling you that people of the first rank hereabouts are set free from the untidy habit of using pocket-handkerchiefs, and that I was a little surprised when I saw the governor blow his nose loudly with his fingers.

We saw several militiamen. They are stout, tall, resolute men. Their equipment, their clothes, their arms, and their money, which is paper, do not offer anything

much to attract the German soldiers, which is perhaps one of the reasons why the latter are so indifferent to either success or defeat. What warmth, what interest, can you expect mercenaries to show in respect to the cause for which they have been engaged, unless they are animated by the hope of pillage?

Connecticut

Connecticut is that one of the thirteen states which always had the least to do with England. Its inhabitants never allowed English criminals to be brought into it, and it is the state which contains the greatest proportion of people who are devoted to independence.

It is one of the states in which you cannot get exempted from military service by a money payment. I was so tactless as to express some surprise to one of its senators when I saw him in a line of private soldiers. He told me that any man who was young and in good health would not be allowed to send another to take his place, and the idea had not even occurred to him. He said when it was a question of public service, no citizen paid to have done what he could do with his own hands, and that he went to a military gathering as quickly as to a meeting of the legislature, because he himself, as a legislator, had passed the law in accordance with which he had to serve as soldier.

We found it necessary to speak to innkeepers with re-

straint. An imperative tone would not be successful. Frequently they replied: "You may demand, not command."

We were present at a session of the court of common pleas of Hartford county, and at a town meeting of the district, which was held in a church. These people here think that to work for the public welfare is another way of honoring the divine majesty. The assembly was characterized by great calm and extreme attentiveness. Everyone expresses his own opinion, and since they never wander from the subject, there is plenty of time. At the end of the discussion, those who are for the affirmative raise their hands. After that, those who are for the negative do the same. If the difference in numbers is clear, they draw up a resolution in conformance with the sentiments of the majority. If it seems hard to tell which side has a majority, they count the votes.

They showed us an old oak where the charter of Connecticut was hidden, in the last century, when the King of England wished to revoke it in order to subject this province to his unlimited power. Such are the curiosities of this country. No galleries, or public gardens, or palaces, or magnificent churches;—but everything which has any connection with liberty is sacred.

It is still customary in this state and the other northern states for the daughters of the family to serve strangers at table. Sometimes indeed the mistress of the house waits on them, likewise, and does not sit down to her place at

the table until the middle of dinner. This inequality, which seems rude to us, exists only in the northern part of America. But these masters and rulers over their submissive and obedient wives cannot suffer anyone superior to themselves, and if the necessity of having a regular government forces them to elect magistrates and leaders, at any rate they have made careful arrangements so that the luxury and magnificence of the rulers cannot trouble the other citizens who live more modestly. They do not even wish that a man, who through commerce or industry or any other cause has become richer than his fellow citizens, should distinguish himself from them by pretending to greater comfort than that which they enjoy. One particular rich man had a simple and modest coach made for himself, but he was never able to use it. They threatened to throw the ostentatious affair into the Connecticut river, and his daughters had to keep on traveling as before, on horseback in good weather, and in little leaky carriages in the rain.

As you may believe, Mademoiselle, people treat us very familiarly, and they do it so innocently that we should be very hard to get on with if we took it in bad part. Travelers sit at our table without being invited,—and do not conclude that they are always people of the best breeding. Sometimes waggoners, after they have put their carts under cover and given oats to their horses, come without ceremony and sit down beside us. But if the people of the lower classes are familiar to the point of

annoyance, the politeness and the excessive attentions of the better brought up people are hardly less tiring. I was dining at Hartford with several people of the place. I was seated near a young lady who was pretty, young, and attentive, and had the desire to please to a sufficient degree so that she succeeded in pleasing. Just one thing made me a little impatient. I was eating with a very good appetite, but she pretended not to believe it, and she watched tirelessly until the moment when I had just changed my plate to tell me that I was not eating, and to assure me that the turkey, the game, the pudding, were very good, and that I really must eat some of them. We drank from the same glass, which I could have borne patiently, but I had on my left an old woman with a hooked nose who granted me that same favor, and from that moment I was not thirsty again during the whole dinner. Unfortunately, I had to return to the common glass, for almost all the guests, according to the custom, asked me to drink a glass of wine with them, and in spite of my repugnance I could not refuse them all.

I am going to tell something in confidence to M. le Comte de la Luzerne, but I am urgently requesting him not to tell you anything of what I say, ladies.

After dinner, they made me acquainted with a tall well-built militiaman, good looking and greatly sought after by the young ladies. One of my Hartford friends, for I already have some, whispered to me that the same young lady near whom I had been sitting passed every night

with him in the same bed, under the same curtains, that in all probability they would be married, but it might also turn otherwise and that never-the-less she might find another husband. European corruption could not prevent me from being excessively hurt at that idea; but my surprise increased prodigiously when I was assured that such an extreme and intimate familiarity did not detract from the innocence of the virgin, and (wonderful to a French ear) that the youth was sufficiently master of himself not to take advantage of this situation, and that pure confiding innocence triumphed over love, desires, youth, and effectually counterbalanced that powerful attraction which I until now had thought irresistible.

Yes, monsieur, I was so strongly assured of it that I firmly believe it, and I will add that accidents are very rare, and that this way of making love lasts for five or six months, under the eyes and with the consent of the parents.

You know that it wounds the modesty of American women if you pronounce the words legs, knees, shirt, garters, and any number of others equally offensive to their ears. But you may suggest to a young lady that she *bundle*, and she looks upon the suggestion as a courtesy. Sometimes this strange favor is granted to a traveler, however little he may be known. This widespread custom is hard to reconcile with the severity of manners and the reserve natural to the sex, which exist in the northern part of America. It is from the Indians or savages that

the English who came to settle in Connecticut borrowed this custom, and we were assured that though modesty may be wounded by it, chastity is not. There is no "bundling" in the summer, and the only clothes which may be removed to "bundle" are coats and shoes. It was only a short time ago that bundling was abolished in Boston, Newport, and New York. Connecticut has not adopted this reform. The first French officers who were allowed to practice it however, behaved themselves with so little reserve that older people urged mothers not to allow them to bundle with their daughters any more. The custom was suspended, but the departure of the army permits the reëstablishment of the practice, and the older women who protect it, although they really have no interest in it, are the most anxious to stir up the girls to follow a custom from which they themselves formerly benefited.[24]

Though they do it much more nobly, the newspapers in America perform the office of the lion's mouth in the Doge's palace in Venice, which used to devour in such a terrible fashion. When I read in the papers: "This space for denunciations of conspirators," "This space for denunciations of unjust officials," "This space for denunciations of monopolists," I am always afraid, though I am quite innocent, that some wretched joker will throw a pamphlet against me into these always open jaws. American newspapers are open on equal terms to anyone who wishes to become an accuser, and he may even refrain from making his identity known, provided he keeps

within certain limits. But at Venice an accusation sometimes brought about secret enquiries, and secret questioning. Here an attack destitute of proof or at least of appearance of truth, makes no impression on the public. The liberty of its object is not at all endangered. If he wishes to repel the insult, the same field of battle is open to him. If he finds it more prudent to keep silent, he may, and after a few days no one thinks any more of the matter. In this way a weapon which is dangerous under a government which is arbitrary in some respects, is blunted for the innocent and is to be feared only by the really guilty.

In this town we stayed at the Golden Ass. I advise you to avoid that inn, our host treated us as if we were creatures like that on his signboard, and made us pay one hundred and fifty piastres for a very bad dinner. I tell you about it because I have never seen a traveler who did not make his readers share the ill humor which discourteous hosts have caused him.

You have heard of the Blue Laws which some call Blood Laws.

It is forbidden to feed or lodge a Quaker, an Adamite, or any other heretic. It is forbidden to go to walk on Sunday, even in your own garden. You may leave home only to go to church.

This law was still in force when we crossed Connecticut, and they told us some of the inconveniences of travel-

ing on Sunday. The war has moderated the rigor of the custom, but anyone who travels without a passport or cannot prove that he is entrusted with packets of public importance, runs the risk of being arrested and detained until the next day.

On Sunday they do not cook, sweep, cut the hair, shave, or even make the beds. It is forbidden for a woman to kiss her child on Sunday or on a fast day. The only instruments allowed are the trumpet, the harp, and the drum, and since the best musicians are punished most severely, you would have a bad time here.

I have become acquainted with General Putnam. It is he who was the first to discover an English spy. It was a young officer in whom the English general took an interest. He wrote to Putnam a letter mingling prayers and threats, and ended with the words: "If anyone has the audacity to use violence on his person, the Americans who are my prisoners will answer for it."

The American general answered in a very few words that the prisoner would be tried, and that a council of war would decide his fate. His letter was sealed and the messenger had taken it, when Putnam took it back again and wrote on the envelope, "N.B.—I learn that the spy has just been hanged."

The matter, as one might guess, had no other results. You know that like all travelers, I admit to my narra-

tive only authentic facts. The aide-de-camp of General Putnam told me this which follows:

Twenty-five years ago a monstrous bear carried off a sow from Israel Putnam's farm, in the middle of the night. The sow's cries woke Putnam, who without getting dressed pursued the bear into its den without any other arms than a big stick. He entered the mouth of the den creeping on his hands and knees. He went up to the beast, guided by its cries and the light of its eyes, and in three blows had knocked it down. He discovered and killed two cubs, also; and dragged these trophies of his courage from the cave one by one and brought them back to his village. They told me other equally remarkable anecdotes. This intrepidity and intelligence which he shows have given him a military reputation, and his fellow citizens have made him a general.

September 10—42 miles. From Hartford we went in two days to New Haven. This journey across Connecticut is one of the pleasantest that can be made. The land which we traversed is comparable to the most fertile in Europe. We did not go a quarter of a mile without meeting with a dwelling. We observed that the cattle which were used to pull carriages were shod with iron, like horses, which allows their use at all seasons of the year.

We lunched at Wethersfield. One of the natives at whose house we stopped took us to the top of a very high steeple, from which we saw a vast expanse of country

which you would take for an immense garden watered by the Connecticut. After we had admired the richness of this picture, our glances fell to the foot of the tower and we found there that which terminates all the perspectives of human life, a cemetery. I think I recall that you have a taste for epitaphs, and I will court you with the following inscription, engraved on the tombstone of a man who died at the age of one hundred and six:

"How short is life!"

This other epitaph struck me still more:

"Here lies Nicholas Amauri, born a Frenchman. He was traveling in this colony, when death suddenly overtook him. His friends, his relatives, his fellow citizens, were not able to close his eyes. A man who was a stranger to him has raised this tombstone over his body. 1772."

Onions provide the wealth of this town. They claim that as soon as a girl is eight years old, her parents give her a silk dress each spring, and that on her part she must pull up the weeds from a field of onions every morning, with her hands.

As we were going along the road, we stopped at a good looking farm, and entered the house, which according to the custom of the country was not shut, for they are even left open all night. There are no bars on the low windows; both inside and outside shutters are for defence

against the sun or the rain only, and in summer people keep them open all night to enjoy the coolness. Cupboards are closed with a simple latch. What good are locks against dogs and cats?—and there are no other thieves. Masters and servants were absent from the house, but we found all the necessary provisions in the sideboards, and on the advice of our escort made free use of them.

Our dinner was ready when the master of the house returned. He did not seem at all surprised at the freedom with which we had acted. He told us that we were welcome and asked us for some dinner as if he had been a stranger himself. You know in what way they live in the state of Massachusetts. Take it as said that it is the same in Connecticut. They have provided for everything which could send away a guest, even for a few instants, with an attention so marked and so new to us, that we could hardly hide our surprise.

Since Boston, my servant had ridden with a pair of stout boots which were the admiration of the whole continent. On our arrival in New Haven, they came according to custom to see this curiosity, which was unique of its sort in the whole thirteen states. The children tried them, walked, and fell. A little girl thirteen or fourteen years old wanted to try them, and the result was a tragicomic accident, which I shall not recount. I will limit myself to saying that this town ended the career of that pair of boots. They disappeared without leaving a trace,

and we suspected that the pastor had them thrown into the sea.

We went to see the college at New Haven. Its statutes have been drawn up with wisdom and simplicity. However, I do not like the following provision: "The state of marriage being entirely incompatible with that of student, it is ruled that anyone who gets married shall be dismissed from college." As if it were enough to take a wife in order to have nothing left to learn, or as if marriage were an offense of which ignorance ought to be the penalty!

From the top of a hill, we saw Long Island, one of the loveliest islands in the world, about five or six leagues away from us. It is just now occupied by the English, and General Washington, through an excess of prudence and attentiveness, has just sent us a new escort of thirty men.

In the New Haven cemetery they show the tomb of I. Dixwell, one of the judges who sent Charles I to the scaffold. The fanatical supporters of republican government go there on pilgrimages as to the tomb of their apostle. A half a league from the city can also be seen a cave where they claim that two other judges of the same prince took refuge after the death of Richard Cromwell, and where they stayed hidden and proscribed till their death.

Almost no traces of the existence of savages are to be found. One hundred and sixty years have suffered to wipe out these unhappy nations, and almost all the monu-

ments which might have attested their existence. Bows, a few stone hatchets, a sandstone idol, shapeless and rough, which can be seen near Hartford, a few families who have kept their customs and language and who continue to live in the neighborhood of New London in a sort of independence,—this is all that we could gather about the former natives of this land.

We are told that on Long Island about twenty Indian families have preserved the ancient form of society which existed before the arrival of the Europeans.

Another more extraordinary society exists in this island in Queen's County. It was founded some years ago by a man named Morris, of one of the first families of New York. It is composed of about two hundred families, most of them farmers and cultivators of land. They have no priests and no churches. They do not baptize, they have no sacraments, marriage is a mere contract, they have no funerals, and no religious observances at all. Nevertheless these people believe in the existence of a supreme being.

September 12—28 miles. We continued our journey through Greenfield,[25] Stratford, and Fairfield, whose name indicates its natural beauty. But we could not see without pity the condition of this country, which the English swept over, with fire and sword in their hands, two months ago. For a distance of two leagues almost all the dwellings were burned completely. Since they were built

entirely of wood, except for the fireplaces and chimneys, you see a mass of isolated bricks twenty-five to thirty feet high, which alone has escaped the flames. Americans who have the courage to joke even about their misfortunes call these ruins "English chimneys." Even the churches and public buildings have not been respected. At every step you find mounds of ruins, and the flames did not spare even the orchards and the crops. Near houses which have been reduced to ashes you see fine fruit trees one side of which is scorched and burned, while the other side has kept its verdure and its fruit. We stopped at the house of a Frenchman, the only house spared in a wide expanse of country. Either that man is secretly attached to England, or what is less likely, the English have spared him in the hope of rendering our nation hateful to the wretched persons whose houses have been burned.

We have never been so near to the enemy. They told us in the morning that shots in the neighborhood had been heard for two hours, a little before sunrise, but in spite of the nearness of danger I have felt astonishingly secure. I have slept like Caesar and Condé on the eve of a battle; when the time for our departure came, they had to wake me.

You know that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes scattered over the face of Europe a great many useful citizens who enriched foreigners at our expense. Some of them came to America, and we are now near New Ro-

chelle, a colony founded by French refugees. We shall not go to see them; our hearts would bleed at the picture of the faults committed by our ancestors.

In spite of all the objections of M. de la Luzerne, General Washington came to meet him at Fishkill. He received us with a noble, modest, and gentle urbanity and with that graciousness which seems to be the basis of his character. He is fifty years old, well built, rather thin. He carries himself freely and with a sort of military grace. He is masculine looking, without his features' being less gentle on that account. I have never seen anyone who was more naturally and spontaneously polite. His eyes are blue and rather large, his mouth and nose are regular, and his forehead open. His uniform is exactly like that of his soldiers. Formerly, on solemn occasions, that is to say on days of battle, he wore a large blue sash, but he has given up that unrepublican distinction. I have been told that he preserves in battle the character of humanity which makes him so dear to his soldiers in camp. I have seen him for some time in the midst of his staff, and he has always appeared even-tempered, tranquil, and orderly in his occupations, and serious in his conversation. He asks few questions, listens attentively, and answers in a low tone and with few words. He is serious in business. Outside of that, he permits himself a restricted gaiety. His conversation is as simple as his habits and his appearance. He makes no pretensions, and does the honors of his house with dignity, but without pompousness or flattery. His

aides-de-camp preside at his table and offer the toasts. Before being the head of the American army, he did not disdain the care of his farm. To-day he sometimes throws and catches a ball for whole hours with his aides-de-camp. He is reverent without bigotry, and abhors swearing, which he punishes with the greatest severity. As to his public conduct, ask his compatriots, and the universe. If you like historical parallels, I might compare him to Timoleon who freed the Sicilians from the tyranny of the Carthaginians, and who joined to his military qualities those which make up an excellent citizen, and who after having rendered his country signal services lived as a private citizen, ambitious neither of power nor honors, and was satisfied to enjoy modestly the glory of having given liberty to a powerful nation.

We embarked with the General on the North River, or the Hudson, and sailed down it with the tide to West Point where the headquarters are, surrounded by the chief posts of the American army. The general held the tiller, and during a little squall which required skill and practice, proved to us that this work was no less known to him than are other bits of useful knowledge. The river lies between two steep banks covered with trees. Its bed sometimes narrows to a third of a mile or widens to almost three-quarters of a league. On the right, near to West Point, the mountains go back from the river a little and allow a space of about thirty arpents[26] where the tents of the general and the officers attached to him are

placed. The divisions of the army are around this spot, on heights of which the summits are covered with forts and redoubts. The air is pure and healthful, and we saw only forty sick in the hospital.

During dinner the conversation touched on the great things which the Americans had done. All the generals and the higher officers were there. It was interesting to see this meeting of these warriors, each of them a patriot renowned for some exploit, and this military meal, served in a tent in the midst of the apparatus of arms, in the heart of the former possessions of our enemies, to a French minister and officers, was to all of us a memorable novelty.

I had been seated near the general, and as he inspires confidence, after some general remarks we discussed interesting subjects fairly freely. He spoke of the fine behavior of my compatriots and of the glory which they had won in America.

Everything around us was interesting to me. The river was being driven back by the tide, and the waves came right up to the tent-pins, where they broke with a solemn roar. A few steps away from us musicians played military and tuneful French airs. The banks and the forests of the mountain answered long to the cannon shots fired to the health of the King and Queen, and the opposite bank shone with the fires which the soldiers had lighted. Before my eyes was one of the most admirable spectacles in the world—the valiant and generous leader of a brave

nation fighting for liberty. I was moved, and felt my eyes grow moist.

Tears again! Your diarist is a sad and tearful person! He laments the departure of a merchant vessel, he weeps because he finds himself dining in a tent with people playing French music beside him . . . I beg you, Mademoiselle, to tell Madame d'Inveau that I was wrong, that I ask forgiveness, and that I promise not to do it again. But what would you? Nature has made me in this way, and you will find that I am not the only one.

The general told me that he was drinking the health of the Marquis de Lafayette, and asked me if I had seen him before my departure. I answered that I had, and added that he spoke of him with the tenderest veneration. I said that the conduct of M. de Lafayette in America had made him generally esteemed, and had caused him to deserve the distinctions and favor granted him by the King. Washington blushed like a fond father whose child is being praised. Tears fell from his eyes, he clasped my hand, and could hardly utter the words: "I do not know a nobler, finer soul, and I love him as my own son."

In the night of the 16th to the 17th. Our whole day yesterday was not in your field of interest, but a cannon shot has just waked me, at four o'clock in the morning. Drums, fifes, and trumpets are sounding around our tents. I cannot go to sleep again, and I must outline our day

here by the light of my night lamp. It is not for you, ladies, it is simply so that I may remember it some day.

At nine in the morning we got on horses to accompany the general, who wanted to conduct us himself to all the chief posts of the position which he has taken up on the Hudson. It was extremely important for the Americans to shut off this river. Frigates can ascend almost to Albany, and the enemy, if it were master of it, could prevent all communication between the Northern and Southern states, below Albany. Above this city, the country is hardly practicable. To stop the enemy they have put in a huge chain which crosses the river and is stoutly moored to the two banks. Advantageously situated forts can unite their fire against any vessel or other ship which may try to break or destroy the chain. The place where West Point is, is happily chosen. The river narrows at that spot, and since it curves on itself, the headway of a ship which arrives with full sail, or pushed by the tide, is almost destroyed. The fort on the right is commanded by a hill, and other heights to the number of four command it, rising up as if in stories. They have felt obliged to fortify all these heights to protect the principal fort from being regularly attacked. We visited them in order, in spite of the steepness of the cliffs. Perhaps it is unfortunate that they have had to multiply these forts and complicate the defense in that way, but at the price of this inconvenience the position has been put in a respectable condition.

After this expedition we went to see the manoeuvres of the different brigades camped along the river. They had hardly any clothes, but were very well armed, and the men were strong and robust, and prove that you can make good soldiers out of recent levies. This tour did not end till four o'clock, and then we went to dine on the other bank at M. du Portail's quarters. The tent where we dined was set up at a short distance from the Bay of the Assassins.

I walked near the general, and in the course of the conversation I asked him if he would not come to France some day, and enjoy the plaudits of a responsive nation which idolizes glory. He told me that he was only waiting for the end of the war to retire to his estates and to finish out his days there in the bosom of his family, after having paid the debt which every citizen owes to his country in times of trouble and misfortune.

September 17. Obliged to hurry our journey, we left the camp after a stay of two days. The general took us back as far as New Bethune where we took leave of him and of the chief officers of his army who had accompanied us. I shall always recall with pleasure the time which I spent with that man who is so much to be respected. His appearance and his actions reveal virtue, and he inspires it in all who surround him. His "family" (that is the name given in America to all those who live in a house—its head, his wife, his children—or to all those

who live familiarly under the same roof) Washington's family is quite worthy of its head, his aides-de-camp are very pleasant, and the greatest unity exists amongst them. One of them, Mr. Hamilton, is noticeable for having more diligence than the rest. If courage, assiduity, and penetration, mingled with a few traces of ambition, can raise a man above his equals, in a nascent republic, some day you will hear of him.

Accompanied by Generals Knox and Sterling, we crossed New York and the Jerseys. We saw the vast college at Princeton, built for the Presbyterians, and almost destroyed by the troops of both sides. They were reëstablishing it as if the ravages of war were no longer to be dreaded.

We finally arrived at the banks of the Delaware, which we crossed to enter Pennsylvania. The Delaware has its source in the territory of the Iroquois; small vessels may go up it as far as Trenton, and ships of the line as far as Philadelphia. Its banks are fertile and varied, in the entire expanse which we have had occasion to see. We saw them catch the fish intended for our supper.

Part of the country is peopled by Germans who continue to emigrate from their former fatherland to come and inhabit a hospitable country to which prosperity, abundance, and liberty call the unhappy of the universe. The Germans, accustomed to privations, bowed down by the yoke of necessity and authoritative rule, bring here a

spirit of economy, perseverance, and docility. That is the only wealth with which they start. Without repugnance, they give up their liberty for several years to a rich cultivator. They learn from him to manage a farm. As far as cultivation goes, they have little to learn. They receive wages which put them in a position to become proprietors themselves at the end of their engagement. It is then that they display a new industriousness and an extraordinary patience. By dint of saving from the small profits which they make at first, they make larger profits, extending step by step their domains, so that finally, having started from a condition of merely owning the houses in which they live, they attain surprisingly large fortunes.

One word more as to the happiness which the inhabitants of this beautiful country enjoy. If we leave aside for a moment the question of the war which is desolating this continent, we see them cultivating a soil which is fertile and which repays a moderate degree of labor very generously. They can see their families increase in number without anxiety. Here a childless wife is a real misfortune. In Europe, the widow of a farmer seldom manages to get married again if she has many children; here the more she has the richer she is considered. New children are new riches, and parents never say, "How shall we find means of supporting them?" They are surrounded by everything that can make life agreeable and easy. The mountains freely supply them with all

the wood they need. Wide deep rivers and innumerable little brooks abounding in fish cross their fields, bringing them what they lack and carrying away their surplus. Their cattle are numerous and well fed. They have flax and hemp in large quantities. They find iron at the surface of the earth, and this metal which is so precious to an agricultural nation brings them riches more substantial than the gold which they have not yet torn from the depths of their mountains. Their crops, their tilled fields, their orchards, take the place for them of diamonds and precious metals. They are little exposed to illnesses, because there is no class of society either excessively idle or overwhelmed with immoderate labor, none either very necessitous or gorged with superabundance. Herbs and simples abound in their mountains and work easy and quick cures. They are naturally robust, and the nature of their work and the sufficiency of their food increase the wellbeing of their constitutions. The luxury which already menaces their cities is unknown in the country, which has not yet converted superfluities into necessities. Conjugal faith is inviolably respected, and nothing is so rare, amongst the upper classes, as to forget marriage vows. Occurrences of this sort are hardly more frequent among the common people, but when they happen the husband calmly decides to insert in the newspapers a warning which he signs, and which is ordinarily expressed in the following terms, which I copy from a Jersey gazette:

"Deborah Jenkins, my wife, having fled from my house and my bed, the 15th of September, I warn the public of it so that it will be known that I am not responsible for the debts which she may contract after that date, and that I am resolved not to pay any of them.

"June 6, 1779."

"Since my wife, Mary Crawford, has deserted my bed and board, and sent back her children, carried away my property, and declared that she will no longer live with me, I warn the public that I am not responsible for the payment of any debts which she may contract in the future, being determined to pay none of them.

"William Crawford,

"Morris County. May 29, 1779."

The wife replied in the next issue of the paper:

"Since William Crawford, my husband, has renounced all principles of honor, friendship, truth, and simple humanity, so far as to publish that I have deserted his house, I hereby inform the public that his assertions are without a shadow of truth, that he has constantly refused to let me enter the house, because, when I was making a call in the neighborhood, in the afternoon, a heavy rain kept me there until the next morning. If husbands have the right to treat their wives in this way, we are more wretched than slaves.

"June 5, 1779. Mary Crawford."

Some of our customs seem very extraordinary to these people, although they are really very simple. A man asked me, when we were in a large group of people, whether French ladies rode horseback. I replied that they did, and I added that they rode like men. All the women blushed, hid themselves behind their fans, and finally burst out into laughter. They cannot understand how a woman can make her toilet before men, or even how she can dress herself in the presence of her husband.

We go into society as much as circumstances permit. In social gatherings the time is usually passed in talking, but since it seems that people must be brought together for some other purpose than conversation, it is usually tea or some meal which is the purpose of the invitation. People play cards rarely, and almost always simply for the pleasure of sociability. They have even reformed the undesirable custom of playing for money. Instead of the dismal green cloth[27] around which Europeans are gathered by greed or by having nothing to do, they seat themselves at a spotless mahogany table, and the eldest daughter of the household or one of the youngest married women makes the tea and gives a cup to each person in the company. In summer, they add fruit and other things to drink. They chat, and when there is no news at all, they repeat old stories, or the storytellers exercise themselves over some point of sentimental metaphysics. People change their seats, some go, others come, and the group breaks up without anyone's being tormented by

the pain of having jeopardized his fortune or by remorse for having ruined his friend.

Americans are naturally curious, and ask questions. I had proof of it the moment I arrived in Boston. I found myself assailed by a crowd of residents, amongst whom were several members of the council. All of them questioned me with the most childlike eagerness as to the purpose of my voyage, the weather, the place of my departure, the condition of affairs in Europe. It was the same in most of the places on our journey, and I remember that my hostess in Hartford, after having asked me if I were married, and if I had brothers and sisters, actually wanted to know the age of my father and mother.

I sometimes journeyed on foot, either to rest from the carriage or to get better acquainted with the country through which I was passing. One day I was rather far from the road, and not knowing the name of the stopping place I wished to go to, I was afraid of losing my way, either by going around in a circle or by returning on my tracks. In this perplexity, overwhelmed with fatigue, I discovered in the wood a cottage, which I approached. I found in it a man and a woman who spoke Dutch. More like two savages in their hut than two civilized creatures, they received me brusquely, and I could not succeed in making them understand that I wished to be put back on the road to Philadelphia. I went away from them with uneasiness, and was walking at random and already getting my mind made up to pass the night in

the forest, when I saw a child run towards the cabin and fall, and I heard him cry as if he were injured. I went to him, picked him up, and washed his face, which was covered with earth. He expressed his gratitude to me; I gave him several presents of little value; and since his fall had no grave consequences I let him go back to the path to the cabin, and followed my own road more slowly, looking back from time to time. The child apparently told of his adventure, and in the twinkling of an eye I was rejoined by his mother, who by dint of questions and signs succeeded finally in guessing where I wanted to go, accompanied me for three-quarters of an hour, and did not leave me until she could show me the lodging where I was to stop.

Well, what does this adventure prove? Not very much, to be sure, and I admit that it was neither exciting nor extraordinary. If, however, I were having a tete-a-tete with Cocote (for it is for her that I have told the story) I am sure that she would draw from it the following moral: The sentiments of natural benevolence are the same everywhere; gratitude is not a stranger to the human heart; and the surest means of softening an uncouth and savage creature is to take advantage of maternal tenderness.

When on our arrival in the different places the inhabitants come to congratulate us, when they light fires of joy to celebrate the arrival of "His Excellency," when they offer us hospitality with a simplicity truly patriarchal

and we accept it in the same manner, we prepare to give you detailed reports of all these happenings. Just as we start to do it, however, time presses, we do not have as much leisure as the importance of the matter requires, and we prefer to tell you all at once that we are now at a half day's journey from Philadelphia.

We have found several regions badly cultivated and thinly peopled, but that where we happen to be now is comparable with the most beautiful countries of Europe. I do not know whether the cordial welcome which we are receiving beautifies America in our eyes: at any rate, in a journey of 150 leagues I have seen nothing which corresponds to the rough and savage pictures which I had formed of it. There are many uncultivated parts, but that is lack of labor, and most of them are capable of a large population and a high degree of cultivation. Prosperity and abundance reign in all the dwellings. From Boston here, we have not seen a single pauper, we have not met a peasant who was not well dressed and who did not have a good wagon or at least a good horse. The best of our kings was satisfied to wish that each peasant might have every Sunday a hen in his pot.[28] Here, we have not entered a single dwelling in the morning without finding there a kettle in which was cooking a good fowl, or a piece of beef, or mutton with a piece of bacon; and a great abundance of vegetables; bread, cider, things from the dairy, and a profusion of firewood; clean furniture, a good bed, and often a newspaper.

The houses of this part of America are already in construction and distribution different from those of the North. The latter are more like those of England. Here you would think yourself transported to some province of Germany or Holland. For the rest, mademoiselle, if you ever come to America, I recommend to you the journey along the Delaware, from Trenton as far as Bristol, which is the last place where we spent the night. In Bristol you will drink excellent mineral waters, or you will take tea on a balcony which overlooks the river. You will see, on the opposite bank, the pretty town of Burlington. You will be a little overcharged by your host. And, always keeping close to the river, whose banks are charming, you will arrive, without suspecting it, in Philadelphia. We have been there several hours; consequently here is one half of my journal. If you receive it well, I promise you a second part when we set out on our journey to come back to see you again.

Chapter Four

PHILADELPHIA

1779-1780

October 16, 1779. You have already learned from the Philadelphia newspaper that we arrived here the 21st of September, that "His Excellency" was received with the sound of bells and escorted by a company of cavalry composed of the most important citizens of the town.

You request me to tell you a little about the house in which we live. Well, mademoiselle, imagine a square surrounded by four streets and covered with a fine lawn like those in England, and in the middle of it a large house open to the air on all sides. This mansion is at the

western edge of the city, almost opposite that in which the State and the Congress of Pennsylvania hold their sessions and spend their days in blessing France and cursing England, while they contemplate forcing the latter power to become reasonable.

On one side we have a view of the city, on the other, of the new prisons, the hospital, and the poorhouse. Everywhere else, these buildings would be a sad sight. Here it is quite different: at least the sight of the last two has nothing painful about it for those who are acquainted with the order and the neatness which reign there, and know that they are the work of enlightened and compassionate humanity.[29]

The streets are straight as a string, with wide sidewalks for the pedestrians. The houses are all built of brick, simple and uniform outside and probably convenient for those who live in them, although nothing could be more different from our arrangements, and there is nothing that resembles those small suites of rooms which make our houses so pleasant. Many people prefer irregularly built cities. For myself, who am a lover of order and symmetry, I confess that this city pleases me greatly. It has everything which could make it the most beautiful city in the world, but if you except the Lutheran church and several other churches, there is not yet a single building at all notable for its architecture. The State House forms a fine enough mass in the grouping of the city,

but it is a tasteless and inelegant structure. Dr. Franklin compares its tower to a microscope half out of its case.

I was introduced, a few days after my arrival, to Edward Drinker, born on the soil of Philadelphia in 1680. This centenarian told me that his parents' cabin was on the edge of the forest which is now replaced by this quarter of Philadelphia, the most thickly populated of all. At that time a few scattered huts were inhabited by Swedes, Dutch, and savages. He remembers that he played with the children of them all, that he gathered strawberries, and caught squirrels in the underbrush, where to-day there is a church, the State House, and a hospital. The father of eighteen children, he has seen his fourth grandchild. This region, deserted and wild when Drinker was born, has changed into a city rich and commercially powerful and inhabited by 40,000 souls.[30] The hut where the savage used to cook his fish between stones has become a quay where five hundred ships dock annually. Vessels and frigates replace canoes. The Congress of thirteen republics holds its sessions where the natives used to assemble round the council fire.

In the course of one hundred years, Drinker has seen the beginning and the end of British power in Pennsylvania. He has been the subject of seven monarchs, and he enjoys independence to-day under a republican government.[31]

We were eager for everything which was worth seeing in Philadelphia. You may imagine that the ladies first

attracted our attention. It is only right that you should once and for all be informed of our most secret thoughts on the subject. Consequently, mademoiselle, some day, at one of your winter evening parties, when M. Augram pretends to be asleep, and M. d'Alleray is busy examining some commissioner's report, and Mme de la Luzerne is at the Palais Bourbon, or is drawing from memory a picture of Condé, and Mme d'Alleray is putting her music in order, and Mme de Breves is unraveling braid so as to save the gold thread in it,[32]—when chocolate has been drunk, and the greyhound has gone out and come back, and the evening dew has covered everything with its mantle, then, mademoiselle, we shall treat this subject with the attention which it deserves.

You have surely heard of Mr. Rittenhouse's orrery. Mr. Rittenhouse, who is a mechanical expert gifted with natural talent, has made a machine which represents the movements of the celestial bodies with great exactitude. Mr. Rittenhouse is treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania. I left him counting old paper money, and separating the good from the bad, while waiting for the time when both kinds will be equal in value, and I got on horseback to go with one of my acquaintances to see the botanical garden of Mr. Bartram.[33]

It is four or five miles from Philadelphia. We found a house, detached and solitary, surrounded by fine orchards, and decorated on the garden front by a column of rustic design. We thought it worthy to be the dwelling of the

American Linnaeus. But the garden! . . . It was in a state of neglect which caused us actual pain. We saw there the remains of the treasures collected by him who had made it and who no longer lives, but we saw also plants half smothered by useless and parasitic weeds, dead trees and trees which were being allowed to die standing, shrubs dried up for lack of water—in a word an air of abandonment which I should call criminal if I had the honor to be a botanist. We entered a little drawing-room while we waited for the master of the garden. We saw his portrait there. The painter has represented him leaning on a box of pineapples, holding in his hand a book with blank pages. If I had not feared to violate the laws of hospitality, I should have written on the pages this verse of Racine:

"And I, unknown son of so glorious a father."

We stayed a very short time, and in order not to waste our morning entirely, we rode through a neighboring forest, where that same neglect which had just displeased us in the garden was an additional beauty. The forest is full of a multitude of trees hardly known in Europe; they would be a delight to the Comte de la Luzerne at Beuzeville.[34] There were magnolias, whose flower perfumes the air with so delicious a scent; tulip trees, of which they say that the shade rejuvenates old married couples; catalpas so brilliant in the spring and so neg-

lected in the autumn; the sassafras, of which they pretend that the leaves, the flower, the fruit, the bark, the wood, the pith, and the roots contain every medicinal property; and laurels of every kind, with which we shall crown the heroes of America, but which are still waiting for her to produce a poet. Indeed, all the forest riches which Pennsylvania owes only to nature spread themselves before our eyes. These trees adorn beautiful, gently sloping hills, and the tints of their foliage, together with the brooks which run through them, form the most agreeable pictures. Wild grapevines grow up around elms and oaks, and their interlaced branches form cradles so thick that the sun cannot shine through. Keep to the beauties of nature, however. You will not find in any of the country houses which the war has spared around Philadelphia either architectural marvels, or elegance, taste, and convenience of arrangement. Everything indicates that people have thought only of utility. They owe everything that is agreeable to nature. Since the country is charming, there is not a cottage which is not happily situated, but not a large house, nor a garden, which deserves the least attention.

The banks of the Schuylkill are adorned with a great many dwellings which belong to the richest citizens of Philadelphia. It is on the right bank of this river that there lies the house of Mr. William Hamilton. If ever Pennsylvania had a king, a prince, a doge, or a master, whatever he might be, it is there that he will live if he

wishes to occupy the most beautiful site which exists in the surroundings of Philadelphia. He can plant enchanted gardens there, and have as beautiful waters as those of Marly,[35] but at less expense. To-day it is just a simple natural English garden, whose master does the honors of it perfectly. I hasten to inform you of a plant which one of his neighbors showed me and of which for once you must make up your mind to read the description. It is the sensitive fly-catcher, *dionoea muscipula.* This extraordinary plant is about eight inches high. Almost all its leaves start from the root, are two or three inches long, and end in an excrescence shaped rather like a small hollow mold. In addition to the hollow, the extremity has a hinge, and can open and shut. The inner walls are like velvet, and offer a trap to the imprudent insect which wishes to taste the juices of the plant. The two lips of the shell, as it might be called, are armed with a row of small needles, and when the plant sees, smells, or perceives (for I do not know with which sense it is gifted) that its enemy has come inside it, the lips close, the needles interlace like the fingers of two joined hands, and the walls press the stranger who wished to violate its hospitality, and crush him. If it is a small beetle, whose shell protects it from being stifled, it is condemned to die of hunger in this narrow prison. The prison opens again only after its death, and then the winds or the rain carry away its remains.

I amused myself by irritating this strange being. I

placed a fly on the leaf, and soon it was crushed. I scratched another leaf with a straw, and it shut itself likewise. I found some leaves with strong and some with weak passions. The anger of some was impetuous and prompt; they shut themselves almost as soon as they were touched. Others did not take the required action until after ripe reflection, and punished only at the end of a minute. There was one which I observed with great pleasure, because it seemed to me to have both sensibility and self-control. I had placed an insect on it, and I saw it make a gesture as if to stifle it, but it reversed this first movement and opened again. I do not like indifferent and passive creatures; and though it is good to suffer without revenging oneself, I will confide in you that I could not keep from having a deep scorn for those plants which felt themselves insulted, touched, scratched, without pain or pleasure. The gardener told me that these last were imperfect fly-catchers, that they were drying up early, and that they were already yellow and wrinkled while the others were still fresh and rose-colored.

This plant is so beautiful and so sensitive that I was impelled to ascribe its conduct to an entirely different motive from anger, voracity, or vengeance. I like to think that a gentler sentiment causes it to press to its bosom everything which touches it keenly. Do not raise the objection that it finishes by stifling the unfortunate one who imprudently gives himself to it. That does not disprove my theory. Have you not read a hundred times the expres-

sion "stifle with caresses"? Have you not found in a number of serious authors that one dies of pleasure as well as of pain. See Tibullus, Propertius, Quinault, Chanlieu, and the other botanists who have written about the sensitive plant, and do not contest with me the goodness of character of mine. I will send you a leaf of it which I pulled off with a trembling hand, fearing to see blood flow from the wound which I made, or to hear groans rise from the bosom of the earth.

I have become acquainted with another inhabitant of this country. They call him the mocking-bird, and he deserves the name. The one of which I speak has established his dwelling near my windows. He imitates the song of almost all the other birds, and the cries of several animals. Will you tell me that parrots do the same? I agree, but this is the respect in which the mocking-bird surpasses them: he never repeats himself in the course of the same conversation. He is tireless, he passes with an incredible facility from the serious to the gentle, from the touching to the severe. He has no continuity in his remarks, but their lightness and continual variety, and the sly manner with which they are accompanied, make them rather amusing. It occurred to me to make music with him, and he caught on very well. He listens to me attentively, tries one, two, or three notes, observes the time, gives me a chance to repeat, takes it up again in a low tone, and thus arrives at the end of the lesson. He imitates, so well that people are deceived, the noise that

a wheelbarrow makes in turning, that of a spit which he has heard, the screams and bursts of laughter of a child, the whistling of the wind, the sharp cries of a cat, the noise made by people quarreling at a distance. In general he shows little taste in his choices; he is facetious rather than delicate, and provided he is imitating someone, he is happy.

While Italian, French, and German music is filling Paris, I thought you would not be sorry if I told you a little about American music.

We often walk on the banks of the Delaware and the Schuylkill; we discuss the combination of circumstances which brought us here, we recall the lovely climate of France, and the society which we have left and which can be found nowhere else. We compare it with Pennsylvania still in its childhood. We remember that it is in Paris that our friends and acquaintances live, and that we, forgetting all its advantages, have come to a coldly beautiful land, where friendship does not extend outside the family, where a stranger is still a stranger at the end of six months, where a bachelor is called a "single man" and treated as if he were in fact isolated from the rest of nature, where religious and national prejudices are not yet really wiped out, so that all hope of any close connection with the people must be excluded from our expectations, where they cannot yet believe in the sincerity of a Frenchman, and where the spirit of party and civil

disagreement have obliged us to keep at a distance from people whose friendship we should under other circumstances desire.

I was given up to these reflections one day, when there entered my house a little old man, about eighty years old, wearing a long cloak. His white hairs were covered with a gray hat, with a turned-down brim. His worn face had a keen look. He leaned on a huge stick, and as soon as he saw me he came to me eagerly, threw back his cloak, clasped me in his arms, and said to me in excellent French: "Friend Marbois, I am delighted to see you." It was certainly heaven which, at the moment when I was deploring the lack of the society of my friends, presented me suddenly with him. But I tried in vain to recall who he could be, for I had not the slightest remembrance of him. Years and a long separation might have blotted him out of my memory, and it would have seemed very uncivil indeed to reply to this intimate friend that I did not know him. The good Quaker saw my embarrassment. "I am Antoine Benezet," he told me. I understood, without further explanation. For who could have lived a month in Philadelphia without knowing Anthony Benezet! But since he is less known in Paris, I will tell you that he deserves respect as much as any man on the face of the earth.

His parents, who were protestants, left the kingdom towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV. They established themselves in Pennsylvania, and their children are

respectable merchants or rich landowners in this state. Antoine was then a baby. He no sooner became acquainted with the Quakers than he adopted their principles—not those of the "white" Quakers, as people call those whose moral strictness is modified, but he gave himself up to Quaker principles in all their austerity. He would have been able to make a great fortune by trade, but he preferred the profession of schoolmaster, and for more than fifty years his time has been spent in teaching little children to read and write, and in inculcating in them a small number of precepts which seem to me the completest moral catechism which could be offered to their understanding. Benezet has intelligence, wit, and fire, and if I may so express it, he carries his love of humanity to the point of madness. His eloquence is very persuasive when, excited by his zeal, he talks of universal tolerance and of the good which it would accomplish for the kingdom[36] and for humanity to admit protestants to the rank of citizen. "I ought to be allowed," he says, "to talk with eagerness about such an important subject. It was by the intolerant that one of my uncles was hanged, that an aunt was sent to a convent, that two of my cousins are dead in the galleys, and that my father, a fugitive, was ruined by the confiscation of all his goods." He tells of these persecutions as another man might talk of his titles of nobility. He cannot persuade himself that France has become much more tolerant than most of the other states of Europe, and he believes us still at the same point

where we were when Louis XIV committed the irreparable crime of revoking the Edict of Nantes, a hundred years ago. He is among the small number of those who profess Quakerism in all its severity. Nevertheless, Quaker seriousness has not taken away from this good refugee any particle of his French vivacity.

There are in Philadelphia 1000 to 1200 Acadians who look upon him as their father. The unfortunate inhabitants of that peninsula,[37] separated for half a century from France, their motherland, preserved for themselves up to the war of 1756 the right of not bearing arms against her. At that time the English, their masters, suspected that they had betrayed this neutrality and that they had furnished information to the French. The English government had them torn from the land which they had cleared, and scattered them among the other colonies. About 1200 of these wretches were set down on the banks of the Delaware and abandoned without resources to the pity of the Pennsylvanians. Benezet remembered that they had a common origin. He gathered them together, although he was as poor as they, he consoled them, encouraged them, went from door to door begging bread for them, made the parents of his young Pennsylvanian pupils subscribe help for them, importuned the government of Pennsylvania to grant them the means of subsistence, addressed request after request to the King and Parliament of England, until his generous obstinacy had obtained some help for these unfortunates, whom he calls

his children. He is also the protector of the negroes; he was one of the most zealous promotors of the law which has just assured their liberty and banished slavery from Pennsylvania.

He is by conviction, by character, and by religion, the enemy of all controversy. I asked him why his sect had adopted the nickname "Quaker," a name invented by its enemies to make it ridiculous. "Our first name," he told me, "was 'children of light.' We took next that of 'friends of truth,' but when a great many of our brothers were seen to be affected with a trembling all over the body at the moments when, animated by divine inspiration and affected by the holy spirit, they felt the need of proclaiming the truths which had entered into them, we were called, in derision, 'tremblers' or 'Quakers.' We received the name as willingly as any other, and we use it ourselves, judging that there is nothing in it to annoy us."

Such is the man whose acquaintance I have just made, and to put the last touch to the portrait, I will tell you that he is still the friend of the French, in spite of all the evils which the government caused his family to suffer, and I hope that he will forget these barbarities in view of the tolerance which characterizes our people at present. He is none too friendly towards independence, but since it had to be, he is not sorry that a good share of the credit for it should redound to us.

I am already initiated into the principles of the Quakers, and before leaving the subject I will tell you that they

cast out from their group those who go to dances, and who sing, or play any instrument in a group. But Miss Peggy has held to her own convictions very strongly. Having been excommunicated, she wanted to make it count for nothing, and she is our most indefatigable dancer. It must be admitted, however, that balls, hunting, theatrical performances, and concerts are very frivolous occupations, and very unworthy to occupy the lives of men.

"Indeed, beautiful de Breves, amiable Montry, reflect on the emptiness and uselessness of these worldly amusements. What have you left, to-day, of that ball at the Opera where I took so much trouble to shield you from the elbow thrusts which came from right and left? What have you gained from disconcerting, while masked, five or six of your acquaintances, and putting them in the embarrassing position of not being able to answer you with as much wit as you put into your attacks? And those concerts where you attract the attention of half a hundred men who would have done better to occupy themselves with the administration of their estates and the maintenance of order in their families, and of half a hundred women who would have spent their time better making stockings for their children and shirts for their husbands? What have you kept of all this, my friend? Nothing, absolutely nothing. The transient pleasure which these things have given you has faded away with the sounds of that brilliant sonata whose composition re-

quired more of your time than it would have taken to embroider ten dozen table-napkins. As for your crayon sketches, I will overlook them, and am willing to consider them an innocent recreation. But as for translating Virgil, Pope, or Tasso, is it not an unpardonable abuse of your intellectual gifts, and since you have received a superabundant portion of them, would you not have done better to use them in bringing back into the paths of virtue sinners who had lost their way? You would have done a lasting good in which you would still rejoice, but fortunately it is not yet too late, and you can still make up for lost time, through giving up yourself to the ministry of the word, and spreading light by your preaching."

You would not fail to take for a fool, Mlle de Montry, anyone whom you heard talking like this. Such exhortations, nevertheless, have just taken away from worldly society a young woman of this city who is witty, agreeable, and pretty, and she has become one of the most celebrated apostles of the sect. They say that there is a crowd in the meeting house when there is reason to believe that she will be inspired to speak.

The Quakers, as you know, never greet people, never take off their hats, get out of nobody's way, never pay compliments—all of which is very convenient. They always call each other "thee" and "thou," except when they are angry or when they wish to reprimand. At those times they use the second person plural as we do. The "white" or reformed Quakers speak in the third person

singular, calling those to whom they are speaking "Friend." For example, mademoiselle, if I were that sort of Quaker, and I wished, in writing to a young lady, to avoid the rather rude way of saying "thee" and "thou," I should express myself thus: "I beg my friend to remember me during the visit which she will be making at Condé next summer, to neglect from time to time her drawing pencils and her pianoforte in order to think of America, and to write to her friend as often as she can." Do you not think, mademoiselle, that this way of saying it is as good as any other?

I told you once that I had had a friend, and that from the age of eight to the age of twenty nothing had been able to alter our friendship. Then I had quarreled with him, and it was I who was in the wrong. I did not see him again. He left Europe for this continent, and died here six years ago. I have made a journey to the place where he is buried. I have been to see a worthy citizen of this city, who took care of him in his last moments, and whose daughter I believe he was to have married. It seemed to me that this family loved him sincerely, and we had the bitter consolation of talking about him. The young lady told me that he had never talked to her about me. And how could he have guessed that the two persons who had been dearest to him and who were separated by an immense distance, would have the opportunity of talking about him, one day? I could not refuse myself

R.I.P.

a melancholy satisfaction, and it was the young lady's brother who went with me. With emotion I approached the slab which covered the body of the companion of my childhood, the friend of my youth. I reflected that he was the only man in whom I had been able, for a dozen years, to confide all my acts and all my most secret thoughts, and it was here, under this stone, that they were buried with him. I experienced a certain feeling of piety in treading the earth around the tomb. I saw him; I believed that he was speaking to me, that he was embracing me. Pleasant thoughts of my childhood passed rapidly before me. I remembered our pleasures, our misfortunes, our occupations, the painful absences, the joyful reunions, that perfect identity which made both share in the good or the evil which happened to either. The whole scene, with all these delightful memories, came back to me. I could not remember a single event in that whole period of my life in which he had not taken part. . . . And after we had been separated for fifteen years, I found myself brought from one of the ends of the earth to that corner of the globe where he lies buried. I picked one of the wild flowers which grow near the simple monument; I gathered and kept a handful of the earth; I said goodbye to him; I saw him reënter his coffin; I went away with a sad tightening of the heart. I shall not return.

I did not believe that anything could lessen the sadness into which this visit had plunged me. But on approaching Philadelphia, I heard thirteen cannon-shots, and on

my arrival I found letters from you, ladies, as well as from my family, from whom I had not received any since I left France. You will approve my having read the latter first. Since everything is going well at Metz, I will thank you for the praises given to my journal, but I will tell you in confidence that they are going to do it irreparable damage: it will no longer be worth anything since while writing it I shall be telling myself that it is to be read in committee. It was going much better when the sheets were sealed up as soon as written. I used to address them then either to my old age, or to friendship. To-day, all sorts of circumstances stop me, and dry up, so to speak, the ink in my pen. Would a copyist see all those little traits of vanity, weakness, egoism, which form almost all the substance and the chief merit of a sincere journal? The curious people on the ship, the English, if it happened to be captured, the familiar faces in our postoffice, would they not amuse themselves at my expense? And then, to hide nothing from you, I cannot take up the pen to-day without having before my eyes everyone who frequents the Alleray house. There are doubtless people to whom I could tell everything, but are there not also persons whose conduct is free from faults, and who perhaps, not being indulgent towards the faults of others, should not know anything about mine?

For instance, this morning, I did an inhuman deed, which under any other circumstances would have been

mercilessly inserted in the journal. But to-day—well—to-day I must, as a penance, tell you of it.

The good Benezet came to see me this morning, accompanied by an Acadian woman and three little children, of whom she carried the youngest in her arms. She was neatly dressed, as were they, but with a simplicity and bareness which approached want. She had a very honest bearing. She seated herself, and Benezet said to me.

"You know that I do not understand how to solicit. Someone else should have sounded out your inclinations and spoken to you of my friend before bringing her. But I go straight to business, and you may send us away if you wish. This friend of mine was born in Acadia, of a very good French family; her husband had never been able to get used to the yoke of the English. Forced to live in a country of which they were masters, he retired to a farm, and was living shut off from the world when the war of 1756 began. He was suspected of having relations with the government of Canada, he was taken to England as a political prisoner, he died there. His goods were confiscated, but his wife had saved about fifteen hundred guineas, the only remains of her fortune. She sought an asylum in Pennsylvania and put her capital into the hands of a merchant of this city, who paid her the income from it. My friend's daughter married an American officer; they are now in Carolina, and these are their children."

The grandmother had not yet opened her mouth. The story of the misfortunes of her family made her shed tears. Benezet, who does not lack skill, whatever he may say about it, asked her to continue, which she did in a few words.

"I formerly lived in plenty," she said. "I have seen myself in modest circumstances and not complained. But these children ask bread of me, and their condition wrings my heart. The wretch to whom I sold my land three years ago for eight hundred pounds sterling came yesterday to pay me that sum in paper money, which is not really worth more than twenty-five pounds. The law is on his side, but I do not want his paper. My debtor will be ashamed of his action, perhaps, if he learns that people who know him condemn it."

She told me the name of the wretch, and I promised her to make use of every possible means of making him think better of it. The little children, who had amused themselves during this interview with looking at pictures, perceived their grandmother's satisfaction. They came to us. One of them asked old Benezet, "Is this gentleman a Frenchman?" "Yes, my children." "And will he bring back papa and mama?" "He would if had he the power." Then the little children caressed me in all sorts of ways, and their joy was so interesting that I am certain the usurer, if he had witnessed it, would have been ashamed of his proceedings, and would have paid his debt like a man of honor.

The Acadian lady drew away towards them, and Benezet whispered to me: "She has not confided everything to you. One of her children has the fever, and she has nothing at this minute with which to pay the doctor and to have some broth made." Nothing was clearer. I regret to say, however, that I put the matter off till the next day.

I reflected on the matter, nevertheless, as soon as the Quaker had gone away. I wished to call him back, but I did nothing. I then examined myself more attentively, and I suddenly realized the enormous change which has occurred in me since ten years ago.

Up to that time, I had had a profound scorn of money; I had even sometimes spent more than I had. But when I had reach the age of twenty-five years, I had thought about paying my debts, and had embraced reform. To get out of debt was the object of my sole ambition, and my plan of economy once determined upon, I was at great pains never to have anything left over.[88] I was very far, then, from thinking of storing up. My highest happiness was to contemplate in a distant perspective the period when, my debts paid, I should be able to sleep at night without seeing my creditors in my dreams.

I arrived at this goal five years ago, but I had formed the habit of self denial, so that I found myself too rich. It was necessary for me to get rid of the surplus. I bought an office,[89] but I paid only two-thirds of the purchase price: a new debt was a new motive for economy until

I had paid it off again, for every orderly man ought to begin by paying what he owes. That then is my present condition, and when I shall have performed this task, will it not be necessary to buy a landed estate, and can I limit myself to that? Perhaps not. I shall then have children, or at least nephews and nieces. Unfortunate people will perhaps look to me for help, but I shall be as hard as iron. Nothing for these unhappy people whose house has been burned? No, nothing, absolutely nothing. I am obliged to marry off my daughter or my niece! And this subscription in favor of these unfortunates, will you not add your name? I cannot, I have to buy a corner of land to round out my estate. What a shame!

In that fashion, then, I shall arrive at old age, accumulating pretexts to dispense me from the obligation to do good deeds, and to harden me against the miseries of others. No, I should never have imagined, at twenty-five, that ten years more would corrupt me to this degree. I cannot tell you what will be the result of this act of contrition. For the rest, I shall call on the usurer; for if my purse is closed to these unfortunates, at least I have no pretext for refusing to aid them with my personal intervention.

I met Mr. Hopkinson, the admiralty judge. He was coming again to talk to me about a matter rather important to a vain person. "Some people who are fitting

out a privateer wish to give your name to their ship, and you will displease them if you do not consent."

"On my honor, I should have consented already, but I do not think it would be any good to them. There are many names of better augury for their trade."

"Well, they certainly believe that yours will work marvels, and they are only waiting for that, to start to prey on the enemy's commerce."

"I hope it is a powerful ship, Mr. Hopkinson."

"Twenty-two eight-pound cannon. And if you have no objections, it will be named and launched to-morrow."

"All right. So be it. But if it is captured, you will say that it is not my fault, and that I tried to get out of it?"

"Don't be afraid! No privateer ever supposes that it will be captured."

It must be admitted that it is a great kindness in Mr. Hopkinson to give my name to his privateer. I am the more obliged to him that I made every effort to prevent it, so that no-one can guess that I have a drop of vanity in regard to it. I am grateful to the outfitters for believing that my name is of sufficiently good augury. They are going to take many prizes, and all the papers, when they report it, will name the *Marbois*. People are going to talk of me on all sides.

I have just found the usurer, doling out bread to his household, and I despaired of succeeding. Nevertheless, when we were alone, I took courage again, and he fur-

nished me himself with an opportunity of introducing the subject, by talking to me about the hardships of the times, the depreciation of money, the general misery, and the injustice of debtors towards creditors. I took him up at once. I began my plea in favor of the Acadian family, and I put more warmth into it than if it had been a question of my own affairs. The man did not lack specious reasons. But after a rather animated discussion, he appeared to me disposed to enter into a settlement, and I agreed the more willingly, as we were entirely at his mercy. It was not everything that I might have desired, but it was more than I had hoped, and I withdrew fairly well satisfied with my negotiations. I went to take a walk in a sassafras wood, thinking of the pleasure which the Acadian family would experience. And I assure you that I counted for something in the satisfaction which I felt, the gratitude which the lady, who is with the southern army, would feel for a service rendered her mother and her children. I have never seen her, and I probably never shall.

There was a little vanity in my deed, to be sure, but it was of a good variety, and I found myself again, without knowing how, confronted with the foolish pride which Mr. Hopkinson had caused in me that morning. There I was, very proud that a wicked, greedy, quarrelsome corsair had given my name to his vessel! If it had been a merchant ship, it might have been all right, but a privateer! Is it perhaps on account of the glory which

it is going to win? Doubtless if I were one of the brave soldiers who will fight on it, if I were a sailor, or even a cabin boy, then I could participate in that glory. But I am like an ass bearing relics, and what relics—what glory!

It is in my name that they are going to destroy and despoil innocent and peaceful merchants, who, having become the prey of the *Marbois*, will never hear that sinister name without recalling their misfortune or their ruin. Who reduced to beggary that industrious and formerly prosperous ship-owner? The *Marbois*. It is the *Marbois* which has wounded, mutilated, killed these fathers of families. These almost naked prisoners who are being led to the dungeons have been made what they are by the privateer *Marbois*. But if, at last, it is captured, as almost always happens, what a splendid disaster, what real glory! It no longer will bear my name.

You must be interested in my friend Benezet, and you will doubtless be glad to know that I made him a call this morning. Nothing could be simpler or neater than his house. There were a good many people there. A young woman, beautiful as an angel, was seated in the drawing room, and she was dressed with neatness, simplicity, and I should almost say with elegance, if that word were not offensive to the ears of the Quakers. Her hair had not been tortured by the hairdressers, but was bound up on the back of the head, without powder, and

covered with a little gauze bonnet of an unusual shape, but one which I liked well enough, since nothing looks badly on a goodlooking person. She wore a dress of gray satin. Her extremely white hands and arms were covered neither with muslin nor with lace. I have never seen a fresher complexion or more composed and softer features, or a more modest air. Quakeresses are not subject to the rule of fashion. The forms of their garments and their hairdressing never change, but the graces which fashion so often hinders can develop without difficulty in a costume so little unusual.

I assure you that those graces which Miss Norris has are her own and owe nothing to art. She did not get up when I entered, any more than the others did, and since all the chairs were occupied, for a moment I was embarrassed, and showed it in my expression.

"Come, friend," said the young lady, "come and sit in this chair with me."

There was not really room for more than one person, and I hesitated a moment to do something so new to me. Nevertheless the proposal was made so graciously, that as if involuntarily I went to sit next to her.

They brought refreshments.

"Will thee not drink a glass of punch?" asked the servant, who was passing it to the company.

I drank some, and hardly had I replaced my glass on the tray when the young lady took it and drank after me. I was astonished by all these signs of favor. But as

I was wondering what could be the cause of them, an old man entered, and Miss Norris gave up to him the half-chair which she was occupying beside me, and went away without the newcomer's making any attempt to prevent her. I saw at the same time that everybody drank from the same glass; it is a very common custom, especially among the Quakers.

They had come together on the occasion of a marriage, or rather for what we call the betrothal. Since all marriages end in the same way, in spite of the differences between the solemnities which precede them, I will tell you nothing of those which I witnessed. All those who are called "gentle people" or people in good society are married in their houses, with the exception of Catholics and Quakers, who ordinarily are married in church. Those of the Quakers who marry outside the "Meeting House" with people of another persuasion, are obliged, in order to be readmitted, to declare publicly that they are sorry they were married in that way.

Newly married couples ordinarily give up the first week of marriage to receiving calls. Two or three young ladies are constantly with the bride, and help do the honors of her home. Three of the ushers at the wedding fulfil the same functions for the groom. Men who call are received in one room, ladies in another. Time passes in an infinitely agreeable way, in drinking tea, punch, wine, or other liquors with the crowd of friends with

which the house of the newly married man never ceases to be filled throughout this week.

Pennsylvania and almost all the United States north of it are a peaceful and happy refuge for negroes. Examples of severity are rare. Slaves are here regarded as being part of the family; they are assiduously cared for when they are sick; they are well fed and clothed. They attach themselves to their masters, whose children they regard as their own. Several women of my acquaintance have brought to them daily the children of their negroes, caress them, feed them, have them play with their own children. While traveling, I have often happened to spend the night in the houses of Dutch or Germans. In the morning the negro wakes them, crying, "Get up, master, it is time for us to go to work." The master gets up, they eat a light breakfast, work together, and dine together like equals. They are clothed in the same way, and the slave can be recognized only by his color.

There are also a number of foreigners in Philadelphia; they come from the islands, or from the southern parts of the continent. I cannot say that their slaves are treated with the same gentleness as those of Pennsylvanians. Some time ago I was in the house of one of these strangers, at the hour when people take tea. There was an eight-year-old boy sitting down. A young negro boy of the same age was standing in front of him, without stockings or shoes, (it is thus that they often are). He gave him his tea and lifted cakes to his mouth, and for amusement the

white child was kicking him on the shins. Why did he not draw back? He could not; he had to feed the child. I asked the latter why he maltreated the boy who had done nothing to him; he continued without deigning to reply. The father said to his child, "Don't hit James." "But, papa, he is a negro." "Never mind, don't hit him." The child stopped, but he began to cry at this unhappy privation, and at the same time I saw tears fall from the eyes of little James, who had not been sensitive to the kicks, but was sensitive to a protection to which he was unaccustomed.

There are in the South some white men who are temporary slaves. The negroes have an immense contempt for them. Since the whites are slaves by choice and not through force, it is natural to suspect them of being extremely abject. They have voluntarily renounced freedom for servitude.

Several negroes in the southern states, freed by their masters, have made considerable fortunes. Some are known to have as many as two hundred slaves. The most admirable order reigns on their plantations, but it is said to be maintained only by means of punishment, and these negroes are said to be much more severe than whites. It would seem that having gone through the miseries of slavery, they should be more humane. But as they have known the depravity of the human heart in this deplorable condition, they realize that slavery can be maintained only by severity.

We are now on the way to go to see General Washington at his headquarters.

His quarters are at Morristown, in the Jerseys, and the visit we shall make cannot be very gay. Don Juan Misales, with whom we came, has fallen so dangerously ill that it is doubtful whether he will recover. We have been to see Staten Island, and we found ourselves, by means of our field glasses, very near the enemy's forts. General Washington left us only a moment in this dangerous neighborhood. As for me, for whom the enemy sets no traps, I walked a little farther along this arm of the sea: it is surrounded by green and varied hills, and it was in going along this lovely shore on horseback that I was witness of one of those combats which the inhabitants of the air fight frequently with those of the waters. A fishing falcon, with white head and feet, was gliding with a conquering air above the sea; the spread of his wings was fully four feet. Lord Sterling told me to pay attention, and indeed after several minutes, the bird precipitated itself into the sea with the rapidity of a flash of lightning. He rose almost at once, holding in his claws a fish, and disappeared a little afterwards to devour it. Another fishing falcon appeared next. He had at first the same success, and rose up giving loud cries as if to celebrate his triumph. Immediately an eagle darted from the top of a rock to pursue him. As soon as the falcon saw his enemy, he tried to gain the advantage of him. He went in the wrong direction, changed his course, and redoubled his

cries. The eagle nevertheless, with a uniform but firm and rapid flight, and without aiming directly at the falcon, rose majestically above him. When the falcon saw that the danger was unavoidable, he dropped his prey, and fled as fast as his wings could carry him. As soon as the eagle saw the fish drop, he darted down as quick as thought, and seized it before it had touched the ground.

One cannot leave without regret the hospitable house of General Washington, but the death of Don Juan did not allow us to stay longer. Besides, everything was very sad at Morristown on account of that happening.

I will not tell you of the funeral, except that the Congress was present, and that we thought there would be a scene. Our chaplain, following the custom, threw holy water on the people. One American officer received it a little more abundantly than the others. He felt insulted and it was not without some difficulty that we made him understand that he ought to be especially grateful, that it was a special favor which the priest had done him, and that we looked upon it as a blessing to be well drenched by him.

A hundred years ago, when William Penn arrived at the Delaware river and examined its banks, uncertain of the place where he would choose to lay the foundations of one of the greatest cities in the world, forests covered the whole land, and a few savages disputed the possession

with wild beasts and reptiles without number. Penn fixed upon a spot which was a short distance between the confluence of the Delaware and the Schuylkill. He was not, however, the first European who had thought of settling there. There were several Swedes, but wretchedness had driven them from their country, and they were far from thinking that in the place where they had established their huts would rise one day a church, and a town hall, that in a hundred years a senate composed of representatives of thirteen great republics would hold its sessions there, or that people would point out there the house of a minister of France.

At that time a part of the forest covered the district where to-day stand the stock exchange and the busiest commercial buildings. A savage had built his cabin there. It is said that he offered to give up his holding for a dozen nails. When people learned Penn's projects, the lot increased in value, and the owner did not want to let it go for less than a mirror and a comb. Soon Penn gave it to his coachman in payment of several years' wages. The latter, greatly dissatisfied with the bargain, would have sold it for a few kegs of beer. To-day the price of this holding and of the houses which cover it would be at least three million *livres tournois*. One hundred years of industry have worked this change.

Probably these forests have not always covered the soil on which Philadelphia is built. It is believed that the sea formerly occupied the place. The mouth of the Delaware

is thirty leagues away, but it seems that this spot is a conquest made from the ocean. Often I have attentively examined the excavations made for building on new land. At a depth of several feet, the soil is a yellow volcanic rock, composed of layers whose wavy bands are alternately yellow and red, but more commonly yellow. The workmen meet with large stones sometimes, but never pebbles. They find also pieces of wood, but nothing which bears witness to the presence of man. A few burned tree trunks are the only unusual thing which has been noticed. This rock cuts easily. It has enough strength to stand up as part of a masonry wall fifteen to twenty feet deep, and caving-in need not be feared. When wells are dug, going down more deeply, almost always oyster shells are taken out, which proves that there have been very extensive oyster beds under the soil on which we walk.

There are to-day 45,000 inhabitants in Philadelphia. The first house built by William Penn is still shown. Its first stone was laid a hundred years ago yesterday. It is now a rather small appearing warehouse. The drought is excessive, and has caused an accident which affects me greatly. You must have heard of my botanical garden. In it I had collected about two hundred and fifty shrubs, trees, and plants belonging to this continent. I had dug, sowed, planted; all was the work of my hands. I was none the wiser in botany, but I got exercise, I took pleasure in seeing the progress of my family, and every morning I brought back from my garden the appetite of a

manual laborer. When we celebrated the Dauphin's birthday, I demonstrated my patriotism by flinging open my doors and palisades. Do you suppose that the people damaged my trees? No, they walked around quietly, admired, and destroyed nothing or practically nothing. The sun has burned them, then? Not exactly, but by drying up the pastures it has forced the hungry flocks to come and seek their sustenance in the cities. A detestable goat, a sheep, and several cows, took possession of my garden for an entire night. They ate the leaves off my oaks and my sassafras, trod down my nut trees, and broke my magnolias and my tulip trees.

As for the trees which were already full sized, they ate their bark, and there is no remedy. In the morning I saw the damage, and I had a feeling of pain which I cannot express to you. I actually lost my appetite over it. I was fond of my trees. My garden took the place of all those other pleasures which cannot be found here. I showed it to strangers, and whether or not they loved gardening and botanizing, I did not spare anyone. I have no garden any more, and so no concerts, operas, comedies, hunting, promenade, or picture gallery, for it took the place of all these things with me.

Jemima Wilkinson has just arrived here. Some religious denominations awaited her with apprehension, others with extreme impatience. Her story is so odd, her dogmas so new, that she has not failed to attract general

attention. I will tell you briefly, mademoiselle, that as a result of an illness in which they believed her dead for several hours, she imagined that she had actually been dead, and made it known that the Holy Ghost had sent a new soul to dwell in her body. It is not quite clear whether this soul is an emanation of the Virgin Mary or of Jesus Christ himself, and the inspired woman is very reserved in her answers on this point. Her moral teaching is pure and evangelical. Learned men point out a certain difference between the dogmas which she preaches and those of other sects, but since you are happily on the broad highway, I need not call your attention to this new path which has been added to the five or six hundred others into which so many imprudent sheep have strayed. I prefer to tell you of the impression which this prophetess makes here, and of the things about her which attract our worldly notice.

This soul sent from heaven has chosen a rather beautiful body for its dwelling, and many living ladies would not be unwilling to inhabit that outer shell. Jemima Wilkinson, or rather the woman whom we call by that name, is about twenty-two years old. She parts her hair on top of her head, and lets it fall onto her shoulders. Her only care for it is to wash it every day in fresh water; she never powders it. She has beautiful features, a fine mouth, and animated eyes. Her travels have tanned her a little. She has a melancholy and thoughtful air, and no cultivated charm, but every charm that nature gives. She carries

herself easily and freely, and at the same time with all imaginable modesty. She has a large gray felt hat with turned up edges, and she lays it on the desk of her pulpit when she preaches. She wears a kind of cloth smock tied under the chin like a dressing gown. It falls to the feet, without outlining her figure, and its sleeves reveal only the tips of her hands.

She has six apostles in her company, three men whose duty is to speak, and three women who keep silence. One of the men performed with distinction the functions of chief justice of his province for twenty-seven years. Overwhelmed by grace, he joined Jemima's following, four or five months ago. You know that in Europe the magistrates hasten to get acquainted with the conduct of inspired persons and ordinarily arrest them at the very beginning. The magistrates of Philadelphia are concerned about Jemima Wilkinson, but for an entirely different purpose. As soon as they knew that she preached neither against independence, nor against the alliance with the King, they procured for her a spacious church, which the Methodists lent very willingly, and for several days she has been preaching there before a prodigious crowd of people.

I had sufficient curiosity to hear her. I went with seven or eight French officers, and as people were good enough to make way for us, we found ourselves fairly near the pulpit. In spite of their being quite a number of us, and in spite of the commotion which our unforseen arrival

occasioned in the assembly, she did not seem to see us, for she continued to speak with ease and facility, her eyes lowered.

Her discourse seemed to us to be composed of commonplaces about the Bible and the Fathers. She enunciated so clearly, though without elegance, that I think she was reciting a prepared sermon, and it was difficult for me to believe that she was speaking from inspiration, or as the worldly say, extemporaneously. But, glancing at us Frenchmen, she seemed to notice us for the first time. As she spoke of the attachment people have for the things of this world, she continued thus:

"Amongst those who listen to me, how few have been led here by a desire for their salvation! Curiosity attracts them, they wish to be able to tell of extraordinary things when they return to their own country." I swear to you that at this moment I thought her a seer or a prophetess, and I expected to hear her mention my journal.

"Do these strangers believe that their presence in the house of the Lord flatters me? I disdain their honors, I scorn greatness and good fortune. Do not seek me, do not listen to me, unless you are touched by grace. Go away, no longer profane this temple, if you are still in the snares of the infernal angel. But if you are disposed to enter into the way of salvation, if my discourses have softened your hearts, if I can snatch a single one of you from the danger which he runs, I have not come from too great

a distance to bring light, and you have not traveled too long a road in seeking it."

She was so moved, talking thus, that she was obliged to stop, and took out her handkerchief to dry her tears. We were surprised at the apostrophe, but perhaps as hardened as before.

Jemima Wilkinson accepts no pecuniary gifts. She and her disciples possess nothing, but one must live, and they receive the gifts which the piety of the faithful presents to them. She lives soberly, her conduct is good, and her morals are irreproachable. If she had been born in France, I imagine she would have played the part of Madame Geoffrin.[40] In Italy she would have improvised verses and belonged to all the academies. They would have burned her in Spain and Portugal. Here, you can be sure that if she does not accomplish very much good, at any rate the perfect tolerance which they show her will do no harm.

Last year another sectary appeared in Philadelphia. He preached in boots, in his waistcoat, his hair in long locks. He proclaimed universal redemption, from which no-one, not even Lucifer, was to be excluded. He did not lack eloquence. He was the fashion for some time, but people soon tired of going to hear him. They decided that a place in heaven no longer needed to be sought so earnestly if everyone, without exception, was to be received there. People in good society no longer did any more than discuss him, at longer and longer intervals, while

taking tea. Several ministers refuted him; he refuted their refutations, and had their books and his printed. Finally he was forgotten. I do not even know whether he is still here.

Chester is five leagues from Philadelphia, on the Delaware, in a pleasant situation. We went there to dinner to-day, Sunday. The group was small. The ladies made the journey on horseback, in carriages, and in phaetons, and we did likewise. We laughed, we drank champagne sent by M. de Capellis, whose frigate the *Danae* is moored at Chester. We walked, amused ourselves—in a word this party was like all those of its kind, and I should not speak of it to you but for a little incident which amused me more than it did the ladies.

We had spoken of the extreme docility, the obedience, and the submissiveness of American women to their husbands. They boast of it, and it is not unreasonable after all. Mrs. Montgomery was very proud of it. Governor Morris, whom the champagne had apparently made pretty drunk, got into a little sulky, and though these carriages can hold only one person, Mrs. Bingham, a young and pretty woman, took it into her head to get in with him. You must know that Governor Morris had once lost a leg in driving a gig, and that that fact was not calculated to reassure Mr. Bingham. He begged the fastest of the group to run after his wife, and to tell her to get down out of the carriage. You will ask me why he

did not go himself, but I told you that the Comte de Capellis had sent us a great deal of champagne. The messenger succeeded in stopping the sulky in which Mrs. Bingham was, and he requested her to get out. She refused. "Madam, it is your husband's command." I was struck by the expression, and I said to Mrs. Montgomery that there was only this one country in the world where a husband could talk to his wife in so imperative a manner. Mrs. Montgomery was delighted with an incident which came so opportunely to the support of the thesis which she had been maintaining. She was triumphing and I was admitting defeat, when Mrs. Bingham called and waved good-bye, whipped up the horse, and continued the journey in the sulky!

Arrangements had been made for dancing after dinner, but it was the pure lack of social intelligence of strangers who did not remember that Americans do not permit any amusement of this sort on Sunday. A little drunkenness does not matter, but dancing, music, cards, are profanities.

We are now on the road to Annapolis, mademoiselle, and I am paying my debts by sending you my diary of the journey.

I spare you a host of little incidents, very important ones to me since they are concerned with cold, ice, and snow, but which would not seem very affecting to you, since you are reading this in the spring or in the summer.

We are now in Baltimore, the commercial center of Maryland. It is an astonishing creation. The forces of commerce, and nothing else, have raised here, in twenty-five years, fifteen or sixteen hundred houses, and people continue to build. The consul kept us here for a day, but we could not take advantage of it to see the city. However, we saw some of the inhabitants, and I perceived that here just as in Philadelphia life is not pleasant except for married people. Nothing is so rare as an unsatisfactory household; the women are sincerely and faithfully attached to their husbands; they have few pleasures outside their families, but enjoy all those which a domestic and retired life have to offer. They live in the midst of their children, feed them, and bring them up themselves. Strangers are received well here, but are rarely admitted into the intimacy of the family. Accustomed to an extreme deference for women, a European finds it hard to get used to seeing the husband the absolute master of his household. Some people believe that it is their autocratic rule which keeps the customs of this society so pure, and that the equality to which Europeans have admitted their wives has produced first laxity and then corruption. You will judge rightly that I greatly regret these heresies. I am persuaded, in fact, that the virtue of Americans rests upon a foundation more substantial than fear and command, and if virtue could be preserved only by sacrificing the perfect equality which to my mind ought to be the

charm of marriage, I should renounce it for my whole life.

It is at the inn where we now are that Dr. Franklin arrived one winter's day, covered with snow and half dead with cold. The family and several guests surrounded the fire, and no-one inconvenienced himself for the stranger. He sat down near a window as if to rest, and after several moments addressed the innkeeper and asked him if he had oysters. "Yes, excellent ones." "Open them and take a dozen to my horse." "Does he eat them?" "Just take them and you will see." Everybody got up to go and see the horse eat oysters. The children, the strangers, the servants went to the stable to witness such a novelty. The doctor, in their absence, established himself near the fire, in the best place. Very soon they came back to tell him that the horse would not even look at the oysters. "In that case," said the doctor, "bring them to me and give him some oats."

A steady snow, accompanied by a powerful wind, fell for twenty-four hours, and the next day, just after leaving Baltimore, we were stopped by the difficulty of distinguishing the roads from the fields. Nothing is so common in this region as rivers, brooks, and creeks, and nothing is so rare as a bridge. People cross as they can, by boat or at a ford. We had gone only a mile when we were stopped by a brook which the driver thought could be crossed on the ice. But when we had reached the middle, horses and carriages fell in, and it was only after a

great deal of trouble and some danger that they were pulled out again. Icicles hung from their manes. I had a cold in the head, myself, and my fur coat was covered with stalactites. We could not take a step without stumbling, and often a surface covered with drifted snow hid a cavity full of half-frozen mud, which gave under our feet.

However, if we traveled against all common sense, it was our own choice, and no-one thought of complaining. We congratulated ourselves, on the contrary, as on a special good fortune, on all the evils which we did not encounter. We had not yet been upset, our wheels were whole, and no-one had broken an arm or a leg. It was in the midst of all this good fortune that our springs gave out, and the body of the carriage fell onto the frame. We were without tools, without help, in a ravine whence we could get out only by going forward, not a house in sight, surrounded by pine trees which increased the darkness which had begun to make us lose our road. To pass the night in this place was a decree of death against those who would not have been able to find a place in the inside of the carriage. If we tried our hardest, we should be able to get six into it, but what could we do with the horses, which were dying of hunger besides? We summoned all the forces of our minds and bodies, and succeeded in reaching a lodging.

The inns are not very good in this region, and one of the chief reasons is that the inhabitants are very hospitable

and that most well-to-do travelers go from one friend's house to another, and often make an extended journey without stopping at a single tavern. I like this sort of life well enough, and I was not at all sorry to arrive at the house of Mr. ———, a wealthy landowner, where we had been told to stop, whether because of him, who is a man of good society, or because of his family who, we had been told, are very pleasant people.

He came out to receive us, but his politeness lacked warmth. His attentions were paid with an air of disappointment. He replied in a curt and distracted tone to our questions, and since the entire family had the same appearance of bad humor, since we had noticed two rather pretty young women who had tears in their eyes and a rather frightened air, and since, in a word, everyone seemed ill at ease, we concluded that some domestic misfortune had just occurred. In the course of the conversation, we spoke to one of the young ladies as "Mademoiselle." "See how everybody is deceived," said the father with an air of anger and impatience. "Call her 'Madame'; she has bought the title dearly enough," and he himself called his daughter "Madame" two or three times with an air of irony and dissatisfaction. We thought we had the key to the enigma, but not a single man who might have been the husband appeared, and the next day we departed without seeing him. An officer, who commanded our escort and who was well informed told us as we rode along the following story:

This family was living in the greatest harmony, and the elder of the two daughters, and the lovelier, twenty years old, was on the point of marrying a young man of the neighborhood whom she loved and who loved her fervently, when a retired officer came to settle at a little distance from their dwelling. There was soon reason to conclude that his society was not suitable for young ladies, but the customs of America, and the liberty and familiarity which rule here, especially in the country, did not permit the parents to exclude him from their society. He offered his attentions to the elder of the sisters, and though she rejected them, he persisted in pursuing her. The parents refused her to him. It was winter, a time when the young people meet from five or six miles round at the home of someone whose house is big enough to hold a large company. They pass the evening and part of the night dancing; then they all find a place to sleep where they can.

It was at one of these parties, at the house of some neighbors of the family, that the rejected officer succeeded in carrying off the young lady who detested him. The absence was prolonged for several hours, the father was ready to get on his horse and go to look for his daughter, when he saw her arrive alone, on foot, in the greatest disorder. She fell in a faint as soon as she arrived, and in giving her help, they found recent traces of the most hateful violence. When she came to herself, she told how the scoundrel, in spite of her resistance, had carried her off to

his house. After having in the presence of a negress done her the most frightful violence, he had frightened her by threats of the loss of her reputation and her honor, a loss which would be irreparable if she did not marry him at once. Distracted, and rather in a delirium than master of her senses, she had consented. A priest and witnesses were ready, and she married the monster, but she had not been willing that he should approach her again, and in spite of her feeble condition she had fled on foot from the house, as soon as she could. The father, in spite of the violence of his nature, took pity on his unfortunate daughter, and had her married in proper form, to re-establish her honor as far as possible. But he kept her at home, and forbade her ravisher to appear. It was only three days since all these things had happened, and I believe that the second marriage had been only the day before.

Chapter Five

JOURNEY TO THE ONEIDAS

1784

PREFACE

(Written in exile)

It is now to you that I write, my dear Eliza, for after our marriage, I neglected my correspondence with the Allerays.

The Comte de Rochambeau arrived in Rhode Island, in the month of August 1780, with a French division, and agreed to meet in a conference with General Washington to prepare the operations of the campaign. The confer-

ence took place at Hartford in Connecticut, in September 1780, and the Chevalier de la Luzerne attended, leaving me as *chargé d'affaires* in Philadelphia. It was during this new interim that Arnold plotted with the English general Clinton an act of treason of which the success might have changed the face of affairs and endangered the American Revolution. I knew all the circumstances, both public and secret, of this event. I sent a detailed account of it to the minister, proposing to myself to have it printed some day; I shall not fail to do so, if as I hope I see France again sometime.

When the Marshal de Castries became minister of marine, he had me named consul-general to the United States, and the salary of 2400 livres attached to the position markedly improved my private situation.

A definite treaty of peace between France, England, and Spain had been signed September 3, 1783. The Chevalier de la Luzerne was recalled, and I remained, after his departure, *chargé d'affaires* accredited to the Congress.

It was in 1784 that we were married, my dear Eliza, and that 17th of June would be the happiest day of my life, if we were not separated, and perhaps forever.

Sophie, the only child left to us, was born the second of April 1785;[41] we lost Belzi: she died in my arms when she was five years old. After more than seven years this loss

still causes me grief which is not less keen, even in my exile, and my regrets will last as long as my life.

I ought not, my dear Eliza, to refer again to this irreparable loss. One child is left to us.[42] I prefer to remind you of the journey which we made in 1784. I cannot do better than to insert here the account of it which I addressed to Mlle de Montry. I beg you to try to look for the rough draft in the papers which I left you; you will easily find it if the Directory has not seized them.

You have sent me a great many papers, my dear Eliza; most of them are not good for anything; nevertheless I will not leave out a little journey made a dozen years ago, to the village of the Oneidas.

I will send it to you; it will remind you of the first year of our marriage, the finest year of my life. You will not contradict me if I add, of our life.

It was still to Mlle. de Montry that I am writing, in this account.

JOURNEY TO THE ONEIDAS

(Addressed to Mlle d'Alleray)

September 14, 1784. I am having my vacation, mademoiselle; we have neither Congress nor Committees, and I am taking advantage of the circumstance to see the country. Here I am at New Brunswick, in the Jerseys.

I was traveling with my wife, and the falls of the Passaic were the first object for which we stopped. We

climbed the hill at once, for the falls are seen from above, at which you will be surprised, for usually waterfalls are seen from below. This one can be seen only from the top of the rock. The pool into which it drops cannot be seen without going right up to the edge, and it is necessary to lean over to see into the depths. My wife approached it while I was looking at some bushes, and when I turned around I saw her leaning over the precipice. I shuddered, I did not dare run up to her to bring her back; indeed, I was afraid of making her realize her danger. The noise of the fall prevented me from making her hear me, I stretched out my arms to her. She calmly went on looking, walked along the dangerous ledge, and finally came back to rescue me from my mortal terror.

I visited forts which the English occupied a year and a half ago, and which are given over to-day to a flock of sheep and a few cows. They browsed peacefully on the grass which grows on the slopes of the walls, they scaled the ramparts by breaches which they have made, and in a few years they will have ruined these works which the enemy erected at so much expense and with so little result.

I will not tell you anything about New York. We are on our way to go to the settlement of the savage Oneidas.

September 23. We embarked with our horses and our carriage in a sloop which took us up the Hudson, as far as Albany, in three days. The sea goes up one hundred

and sixty-four miles above New York. Five years ago I saw these same banks covered with tents and soldiers; five years ago people did not venture on the Hudson without the precautions necessitated by the nearness of the enemy. To-day everything breathes liberty, everything enjoys abundance, and peace attracts to the banks of the river a prodigious number of immigrants from Europe and even from the neighboring states. It is in that way that the little village of Hudson has been established, which is peopled in large part with immigrants from Rhode Island and Massachusetts. We stopped and saw forty fine houses, all built in the course of the last year. Several days ago the residents met to deliberate concerning two objects greatly differing in importance; the question was whether to build a church or a dance hall. You will perhaps think that our Presbyterians did not waver, and that the church is already being finished; but the advocates of pleasure had the advantage. The dance hall is being finished; the building of the church is put off. It will be built in less hard times.

Our traveling on the water had no remarkable incidents, except perhaps the meeting with an old blind fisherman. Our pilot told us that for more than thirty years he has come every day in his boat to the same spot to throw in a line. He told us the news of his district, he asked us where we came from, and in the evening retired to his log cabin which you see from here. They tell the story of a newcomer who started one day to fish in the

same spot. The old man objected, calling his attention to the fact that for a number of years he had fished there without catching anything, and that he had a right to the first fish. In disembarking I found the Marquis de Lafayette, the Chevalier de Caraman, and Mr. Madison, a delegate from the Congress, ready to start to go to see several savage tribes, and we soon joined parties to go together.

We had heard a great deal about the American "convulsioners." For three years this sect has made progress in America. We wanted to see their chief establishment, which was on our way, and to the ordinary motives of curiosity M. de Lafayette joined that of desiring to examine at close range phenomena which have a great similarity to those of "Mesmerism."

It was on Sunday that we left for Niskayuna, the principal place of their group; this village is difficult to reach, and we were obliged to go on foot to look for them.[43] We heard, as we drew near, melancholy but fairly melodious music. We found the Shakers at their religious exercises. They were assembled to the number of about one hundred and forty or thereabouts, in a hall built of wood. A large fire warmed the hall. The women were on one side, and the men on the other, all standing. They made room for us. We heard three preachers in succession. They had no distinction of clothes or rank. In their sermons they attempted to give us an idea of their principles and beliefs, but I was persuaded that the characteristic

doctrine of their belief is not yet well established. One of them, in speaking of marriage, called it contrary to the example of the Saviour who was never married,—to use his terms "never had any carnal connection with a woman." He praised Origen highly and in his discourse made use of figures which the least scrupulous orator would have avoided. Another inspired man cited the words of St. Paul, "If you marry, you do well; if you do not marry, you do better."

They cure wounds and claim to cure even fractures, by mere laying on of hands, accompanied by faith in Jesus Christ. They believe themselves inaccessible to sin. An old woman,—and it was their prophetess, the "elect lady," —was, they believed, immortal. Her death, which happened about six weeks ago, embarrassed them a little. They explained it in so ridiculously mystical a way, that I spare you the details; it is enough to tell you that, a place having become vacant in heaven, through some promotion, it was necessary to fill it, and that the "elect lady" was preferred above all the rest of her flock. Before prophesying this woman used almost always to get drunk on spirits. The makers of poor jokes who saw her in that condition used to say that The Spirit had taken possession of her. Her violent tremblings during her periods of being possessed, and her immoderate use of liquors, undoubtedly hastened her end. These enthusiasts were persuaded that this holy matron sat in the Council of the Almighty three times a week. She had worked several

miracles. They told me that one day when a great crowd of people had gathered at Niskayuna to witness the resurrection of a dead man, she had said the customary prayers and was about to proceed to the miracle when an American officer stopped her and said that he, like her, had received the gift of raising the dead. She wished to oppose any attempt on his part, and to be the only one to exercise the gift of doing marvels; but the people were curious to see whether the officer was an impostor and insisted, and the holy matron went away threatening him with divine anger. At once he drew his sword, and running up to the dead man cried in a terrible voice: "Come to life, come to life, or I will kill you!" The dead man naturally came to life at once.

This trembling should not cause them to be confused with the old-fashioned Quakers; they have a horror of being compared with them. M. de Lafayette, who is skilled in magnetism, wished to experiment on one of them. While he hypnotized him with all his force, the poor man told us his history. "I fell one day from my carriage," he told us. "I wounded my leg. A charitable man came to help me while I was unconscious. When I came to myself, I was cured. I experienced a complete change in my feelings and inclinations; I renounced the world and its ways; I have followed the ways of these men who are so perfect; and from that moment I have been infinitely happy."

The Shakers are seized with their movements at any

time, on any occasion, while they cultivate the earth, while they are cutting trees, while traveling on foot, or on horseback. We saw them in this condition during their rest, and during conversation. The convulsion does not interrupt anything; the most usual movement is to turn the head from left to right, with eyes closed or raised towards the sky, with an expression which proclaims ecstasy, anguish, and pain. We noticed that the women shed tears, were pale and downcast, and that their face reanimated itself only when the convulsion was at an end. The men raised their arms, trembling; their knees gave way and knocked together. Often while all their members shook, they would seem to have a seizure under which they would succumb, but it was the end of the ecstasy. The head turned less rapidly, and when the crisis was over, they sighed deeply, like people relieved at length of excessive anxiety, or coming out of a painful swoon.

They are all thin, and most lack color. Their convulsive dances do not bring their color back. They pirouette on a single leg, with a surprising rapidity, their head moves from right to left and often a dizziness seizes them in the middle of the dance. Those whom we heard preach had no convulsions while they spoke. All the people whom we saw had a serious, rational, and reflective expression. There were more old than young people. Some are good farmers, others artisans well thought of in their profession. They could only be considered useful citizens, if their

discipline did not tend to shorten their lives, and if their rules about marriage did not lead to the extinction of the society. It is regenerated only by converts.

Those who are distant from the churches of their denomination have no hesitation in performing the duties of their religion in other churches. Furthermore, nothing is so common in this region as for all sorts of sects to borrow each others churches, and although the dissenters are divided into more than thirty sects of all denominations, they go to each other's churches without repugnance. They believe that their worship is just as acceptable to the deity in whatever place it is offered, and the experiment of the United States proves in the most complete manner that tolerance is absolutely without inconvenience there. At Annapolis the room where they play comedies six days in the week is used as a church on Sunday.

I remember that one day they were making, in the presence of Franklin, an enumeration of the different beliefs in the United States. Thirty or so were mentioned. "You forget the most numerous," he told us, "it is that of the 'tarry at homes.'"

We continued our journey across superb country, but where everything recalled the war to us. We had divided up the duties. M. de Lafayette was in charge of the cavalry, M. de Caraman was in charge of lodging, Mr. Madison directed the march, and I was cook for the troop. We had a bag of corn meal which was a great resource,

tea, and chocolate. They furnished us with butter in abundance, and if we asked for milk, great wooden pails of it were immediately filled and brought. We used to make a soup which became famous throughout the region, and often our hosts, instead of feeding us were fed by us. Cloaks and rugs were one of our great resources. I except, to be sure, M. de Lafayette, who seemed to be immune to the extremes of the seasons. He had taken, to protect himself from the rain, a cloak of gummed taffeta, which had been sent him from France wrapped up in newspapers. The papers had stuck to the gum, and there had not been time to get them off, so that the curious could read, on his chest or his back, the *Journal de Paris*, the *Courier de l'Europe*, or news from other places.

In spite of the devastation to which the two banks of the Mohawk were a prey, the population there makes rapid growth. We found families of ten or twelve children, large and small, all in one bed. We were new sights for them, in a region where it is very rare to see strangers traveling for curiosity. Little Indians served us as domestic servants, and there was nothing which they refused to do. If we asked for a candlestick, an urchin four or five years old was placed near us with a candle in his hand. If we seemed discommoded by the heat, another took the place of screen for us. Often the honor of turning a wooden spit, which we had invented to cook our meat, troubled the peace of the family and made a division between brothers. One day we happened to tell

a little savage to turn the spit, and we showed him how his hand should move from bottom to top. He followed the lesson, but after having resisted the hot fire for a long time, he was obliged to give up this confidential duty to another. The latter started to turn in the opposite direction, the first made fun of his clumsiness, and after several remarks, blows followed and hair was pulled out. We asked the cause of this fight. The interpreter told us that the boy who had been turning the spit first had hit his successor because the latter was turning it backwards, and would unroast the chickens.

We began to meet savages more frequently, and everything told us that we were about to leave the white man's settlements to enter the territory of the Indians. All the scattered houses were still surrounded by stockades, with which, during the late war, they had been protected against the barbarians, and which had not always been sufficient to stop their ravages.

We found the roads worse than we could have imagined. After having traveled miles in the carriage, we were forced to give it up, on account of the continual danger of upsetting and the extreme fatigue of the horses. I left my phaeton at the "German flats" and turned my two large carriage horses into riding horses. The coverings with which I had fortunately provided myself served me as saddle, and in that half-savage equipage we made the rest of the journey to Fort Schuyler. That is the place determined upon for negotiations between three commis-

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sioners sent by the Congress, and the chiefs and warriors of the six savage nations who live in the neighborhood of the Great Lakes which separate the United States from Canada. We found a great number of them assembled, but the commissioners had not yet arrived. The Indians had hurriedly built cabins in which they lodged with their families; some even, in spite of cold and frost, had merely shelters of branches of trees whose dried leaves protected them against neither wind nor rain. One of these cabins was filled with presents intended for the Indians. The other served as lodging for Mr. Kirkland, a missionary established amongst them for about twenty years. We shared his room, which was prepared for the commissioners from the Congress.

We wished to see the Indians in their villages, and to get acquainted with their customs as well as so short a residence would allow, so as to judge for ourselves the changes which had taken place among them since the last accounts of travelers who have visited them.

Indeed Europeans who are curious to know them must not lose time, for the advance of the European population is extremely rapid in this continent, and since these nations live largely by hunting and fishing, they cannot remain in the neighborhood of cultivated regions. They go farther away, and soon it will be necessary to look for them beyond the Mississippi or in the ice-covered regions around Hudson Bay. In a few centuries, even, when civilization will have extended its effects over all the

world, people will be tempted to regard the reports of travelers as the ingenious dreams of a philosopher who is seeking the origin of society and is tracing the history of its advances from his imagination.

We had distributed our provisions amongst all the caravans, as if we had feared a famine or as if we had to travel in the desert. It was a mistake; we lacked nothing.

The tribe of the Oneidas is the second among the six who are confederated and to whom we give the collective name of the Iroquois. It possesses sixty square miles or twenty square leagues of a region of which the fertility surpasses anything that can be imagined. We were frequently stopped by torrents and brooks, which in digging out their beds have uncovered the earth twelve or fifteen feet deep, and we were surprised to see that the uncovered soil was just as rich as that on the surface, and resembled artificially made top-dressing. Moreover, in the parts of this region which are cultivated, they never have to let the land lie fallow. Wheat is grown without interruption, or if the crop is sometimes changed, it is at the end of seven or eight years. Then they sow some other kind of grain, and the next year begin to cultivate wheat again: one or two years of rest is enough.

It is not here, however, that the best cultivated farms are found. I have told you that we left them in entering the country of the Indians. Here everything is wild, and as soon as you go a little distance from the trodden paths, you think yourself separated from all human creatures by

an immense distance. Several times I stopped a few minutes in one of these spots: there reigned a profound silence; one could give himself up to his reflections in peace. In a century, and perhaps sooner, agriculture and commerce will give life to this savage desert. This rock will furnish stones to the city which will be built on the banks of that stream. There will be a bridge here and a quay there. Instead of this marsh there will be a public fountain; elegantly dressed ladies will stroll in the very place where I walk carefully for fear of rattlesnakes: it will be a public park, adorned with statues and fountains. A few ancient trees will be exhibited as the precious remains of the forest which to-day covers the mountain. I see already the square where the college, the academy, the house for the legislature, and the other public buildings will be placed. Do not take this for a dream, for beginning with Philadelphia there are twenty cities on this continent which, a hundred years ago, had no more existence than this one which I have just built. All these details are not very closely related to our journey to the Oneidas. But I keep the promise I made you to write without order and without method; hosts of objects present themselves to me as I write, and I am much more embarrassed to keep them out of my journal than to find something to put into it.

What is really barbarous and wild are the roads which lead from Fort Schuyler to the Oneidas. One of our servants exhorted us in good faith to complain to the *in-*

tendant of the province of the wretched state of the bridges and highways in his department."

We had to make a way for ourselves on horseback through the wood, following as well as we could a path worn by the Indians, who always go on foot. The brooks keep in existence a muddy marsh, into which we sank at each step. Trees of immense height and girth fall from age in all parts of the forest, and make the path difficult for men on horseback, although nothing prevents the native from climbing over them. We traveled in dark and rainy weather; we lost our way once, but our guides found it soon. The trees served them as compass; they recognized the north by the bark, which is brown and more covered with moss on that side than on the south. After having gone through this deep forest, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, and after crossing the rivers by fording them, and sometimes by swimming our horses, we arrived, very wet and very tired, in the territory of the Oneidas.

We had no other encounters on the road, except one with an old man sleeping in a marsh and covered with half-frozen mud. Our guides woke him and learned that the day before he had been to the fort, where he pawned his gun for a little cask of brandy. His intention was to take it back to his village, but having given in to the temptation to taste it, he had emptied the cask and passed a very cold night in deep drunkenness.

We had five little casks of brandy, or to use the ex-

pression which those who are especially fond of it use, five "breasts of milk." Five Indians each carried one of them, but this burden did not slow down their march, and in spite of the difficulty of the road they followed us quickly, and sometimes even outdistanced us. One of them seemed to me tired, and I said to my driver,

"Frantz, try to make yourself understood by this man, and persuade him to give you his keg. Your horse will carry it easily."

The Indian had lead at his ears, bones hung at his nose, and his face was painted with bands of different colors. He had heard me, and turning towards me said in excellent French,

"I will give up the keg to your driver, but only to please you, for I do not feel the burden of it."

Surprised to hear the man speak thus, I said,

"Let us go along together, and tell me how you learned to speak our language so well."

"My name is Nicholas Jordan," he told me. "I was born at Longpré-les-Corps-Saints, a village on the Somme, between Amiens and Abbeville. I went to Canada, thirty years ago, as secretary to M. de Vilmon de Beaupré. Soon came the war between France and England. The savages took part. I fell into their hands, with some other Frenchmen. They were burned and eaten. Witness of their fate, I expected to share it. I was already half smeared over with the black color with which they paint those who are destined to die, and the stake to which I was to

be attached was surrounded with fagots, when an interpreter came to tell me that the nation recognized me as one of its members, and that I should be free if I consented to marry the daughter of the king or sachem. She had lost her husband a little while previous. This princess had seen me unclothed, and in spite of my white color had had me asked if I would take her for my wife. I replied quickly that it would give me the greatest pleasure in the world. I abridge the story; I need only add that I was at once adopted by the whole family; the widow herself unbound my hands; and the marriage was concluded a few days later.

"My wife was a rich match," said Jordan to me. "Her dowry consisted of six hundred pins, one hundred needles, linen cloths, vermilion, a gun, powder and shot, a club, a knife, twenty bundles of furs, two pots, a house, a cow, and a garden crossed by a stream in which the fishing belongs to me. She had also a dozen scalps; to the Indians these are family jewels, and are kept as we keep the flags or cannon taken from the enemy. I had been treated with extreme severity during my brief captivity, but as soon as the savages had adopted me, I experienced great humanity from them. They taught me all that my new situation made necessary. I learned to hunt as they do, to strip a tree of its bark, to build a cabin, to guide a fishing boat. I learned soon how a man can live for a month on foodstuffs which are very small in volume.

"I remembered, however, my friends and my country. My wife was not as beautiful as a woman from Picardy, and she got drunk when she had liquor. I missed France. One day I deserted the village, and I admit that I carried off the pot and the gun, but I was recaptured by the savages of a neighboring tribe. They took me back to the Oneidas, who did not impose on me the harsh treatment that I feared. They gave me back to my wife. Since that time I have sometimes had the desire to see my country again, and I have written a great many letters to my family, but having received no reply I have insensibly got used to the way of living of these people. I have several children, I have brothers and other adopted relatives. I have seen the French again in a land from which I thought them excluded forever. Their victories and their successes have brought me greater consideration among the savages. I no longer think of leaving them; my age, my children, fix me here forever, and I shall regret my country less than in the past, since I can hope from time to time to see Frenchmen again."

As we traveled, we met several Indians traveling, the women, according to custom, carrying the heaviest burdens. Jordan told me that they were Stockbridge savages; a nation which remained in the state of Massachusetts, in the midst of a civilized people. The Oneidas offered them a piece of land six miles square, and the Stockbridges, to the number of about six hundred, are on their way to occupy it. The Oneidas have also invited

the Narragansett Indians, a nation which inhabited a little district near Charlestown in the state of Rhode Island. It is reduced to about a hundred individuals who have accepted the offer. There are also, in Connecticut, a few remains of the Mohican nation and of the Niantics. They all seem disposed to join the Oneidas, since they cannot preserve their customs and usages amongst the civilized nations, and move away when they can.

The women carried almost all the baggage on their backs, in large baskets rather like those of our villages. The basket is supported by a band around their forehead. I am told that some of these squaws sometimes carry very heavy loads of wood from the forest to the village, which is a quarter of a mile away. The men do not show much pity when they see them bent over from their burdens.

A white flag raised on the principal cabin indicated to us the Council House, or as our people say, the Town Hall. We found the chiefs and warriors of the nation assembled there. They received us with the hospitality which they show towards all those who are not their enemies. I found an old acquaintance, a venerable chief whose name is the Great Grasshopper. I had seen him in Philadelphia in 1781. He received us clothed in a Bavarian court hunting costume which M. de la Luzerne had given him then, and which he wears on all important occasions. After the customary compliments, they brought us a large salmon which had just been

caught. We had milk, butter, fruit, and honey in abundance. We prepared our supper ourselves, and a set of table utensils, which was in our baggage, was a great resource. We drank from goblets of wood, and M. de Lafayette, as a distinction, had one of glass mended with gum.

We expressed a desire to see their dances, and at once one of the principal men stepped out, and blowing on a horn called the young men of the village and told them to dress for the dance, and to go without delay to the Council House to amuse the strangers. This cabin was composed of a single room twenty-four feet by eighteen. On each side were the beds on which we were to spend the night. In the middle was a sort of alley, which was the dance room. Towards each end of the central passage, there was a fire of which the smoke went out the roof or through cracks left by the badly joined bark. This cabin had been got ready for our reception.

The dance began. The dancers were young men, some dressed as warriors, others in clothes which they had received from the English or in those which had given them. It was a thoroughly ridiculous variety of colors.

The men's usual dress is the covering or cloth which sometimes is bound round their loins and sometimes covers their whole body; it replaces the skin robes with which they used to cover themselves before the arrival of the Europeans on this continent. All have shirts but they wear them seven or eight months without ever taking

them off. We gave them several entire suits, without noticing that they did not ever use the third piece, so not knowing what to do with it, some of them cut it into two pieces and put half on their heads, the day of the masquerade.

A warrior wears a crest of braided feathers in his hair; his face is painted with horizontal bands about an inch wide. Each band is of a different color, white, red, black, blue, green, yellow, according to their fancy. They put long red or black feathers through holes which they make in their nostrils, a ring or pendants of lead or silver hang down before their mouths. They fasten bells to their arms or their feet; they wrap the body with a piece of red or black cloth; they carry a bow and arrow, and a club, and they have a gun when they are actually fighting or hunting. They have bare thighs, and legs covered with cloth gaiters or animal skins. The leather strip over their shoulders from which a tomahawk hangs, their belt which has a dagger in it, and their traveling pouches, are embroidered. The strange dress which their warriors wear does not improve their appearance, but its strangeness is not so disagreeable to an European as the sight of an Indian clothed in European fashion, in a coat and a braided waistcoat, having long dirty sleeves, wearing a hat with turned up edges, and almost naked from the belt to the legs. They have their hair painted red, and their ears pierced in a hideous fashion, falling almost to their shoulders—they hang leaden rings in them to

stretch them more. Their skin is a yellowish brown. They grow old very young. Liquor, intemperance, hunger, exercise, forced marches, ruin their health before the age of 35 or 40 years, and in general these children of nature are not at all what the writers of Europe say, who have never seen them. It is necessary, of course, to make certain distinctions between those who come into a more frequent intercourse with us and those who are at some distance. The latter are less corrupted, and more robust, and their appearance, really barbarous, pleases me more than the mixture of barbarousness and civilization which one finds amongst the Oneidas.

The dancers were as impatient to show themselves as we to see them. The dance begins with a gentle movement. It consists in turning in succession one after the other around fires lighted in the cabin. They sing, themselves, the music to the noise of which they dance; it consists of only two notes, and the poem consists of this one word: "Joy." These monotonous articulations were interrupted at times by a general cry of the dancers; they stopped for an instant and began again, with a motion which grows quicker and finally becomes so rapid that the fatigue seems to us unsupportable. Their chiefs joined rarely in their dances; they considered these amusements beneath their serious position. Some women came and joined them, but they followed each other without mingling with the men.

The women are dressed with care and a sort of decency,

and in spite of their frequent marches have little feet. They have modest countenances while dancing; the men leap from one foot to the other and strike the earth sharply; they dance without leaving the floor, sliding their feet. All keep time with perfect precision. When the dance had lasted two hours, we told the interpreters to ask the dancers to retire. It was not easy. The interpreters pretended that we gave them leave to go out of politeness and so as not to tire them; and the dancers, not to be outdone, suggested that they would keep on till daylight. Since drunkenness had been added, the two first arguments which were conducted with them had no effect. The chiefs did not want to send them away, and indeed did not have the power. Finally one of the dancers, who had formerly acted as a servant to M. de Lafayette, took pity on us and talked so eloquently that the maskers dispersed and we were free to go to bed.

I saw their war dance under other conditions. A little drum was the only military instrument which they used. They marched up to a line, came together, bent, advanced, and retired, in rhythm; they separated into two parties; their disagreeable death cries were heard. The fight began, they imitated all the actions which take place in their wars; they scalped, they took prisoners, they pretended to torture them, to burn them—in short we saw enough not ever to want to fall into their hands.

Jordan translated to us several of their songs; they contain no ideas and no imagination. Their simplicity is not

accompanied by any feeling which could make it valuable. The music is limited to two notes, as in their dances, but the time is just as marked, and as far as I could observe, all the couplets have the same number of verses and all the verses have the same rhythm.

As for their eloquence, I have read a great many of their discourses, both those prepared and those delivered without preparation. There are several in which I noticed sound judgment, but none of those characteristics of vigor or imagination which it would seem should characterize eloquence amongst savages as well as in our communities. The eloquence of the savages is limited to a dozen strange and unnatural figures. When they go to war, they raise the hatchet against their enemies; when they make peace they bury the hatchet under a large tree; they cover it with earth and stones so that no one can find it. They bury the bones of their killed friends, so that they cannot rise to excite them to begin the war again. They rub the chains of an agreement of peace, so that it shall remain clear and bright. They accept presents because they contribute to the preservation of this chain from rust which might destroy it. Such are the metaphors constantly repeated in their solemn speeches. Nothing is rarer in their harangues than the method and order which even a country man possesses, if he is really eloquent, and they heap up all sorts of incoherent ideas and facts, without paying attention to their natural relationship.

They build a cabin of bark very quickly and skillfully. A savage surprised by night in a forest gets out of the difficulty more easily than a European. In an hour he will have built a shelter. He lights a fire, and waits for daylight comfortably enough. In such a case the European will sleep in the open air and cannot protect himself against rain.

If we take our information from the travelers who have visited the tribes which are most distant from European establishments, the Indians there are less wicked and less corrupt. Those whom I have seen do not appear admirable to me. It is possible that their intercourse with us, and the introduction of strong liquor have helped to deprave them; however it may be, they are really children who are managed by promises, threats, and presents; who are hurt easily, who can be quieted as easily; whose hate and friendship are rarely lasting, and who seemed to me to have no dominant passion except the love of strong drink.

In the midst of a serious discussion they will interrupt the speakers to tell the interpreter to call our attention to the fact that there is too much water in the "brandy wine" which we had given them, and that they would prefer to drink it pure. It is, however, very rare to see them drunk in a formal conference, and those at which we were present were solemn and decorous.

When we were ready to return to Fort Schuyler, they told me that my horses had been lost, and that they had been hunted for unsuccessfully since morning. They were neither surprised nor uneasy but merely gave several orders. I promised a reward, and at the end of a half-hour I saw stones rolling down from the mountains, and the horses came back to me themselves. You must know, to understand the story, that during all the time that we spent in the village, our horses were at liberty in the midst of pastures and immense forests, and that except for the incident I have just mentioned, they neither strayed nor were led away. Moreover, the Indians here seem less inclined to theft than those of the South Sea, and although our cabin and our tents were opened to everyone, and although they were not guarded, nothing was stolen from us.

The furnishings of an ordinary cabin consist of a black earthenware pot, a mortar, pestle, and two cooking pots. I had a red cloak which was widely and frequently admired; I could hardly get along without it, and I was very much afraid that some Indian would come to tell me that it was missing, and that I should have to get out of it by giving a rug or by making other presents.

We were on the point of departure, when two young men of twenty-eight and twenty-five years, one of whom appeared drunk, began to quarrel. The conversation became more and more animated. One of the two struck the other with his club violently, and the one who was

hit started to cry and appeared to wish to return the blows which he had received, when an old man took him by the arm and held him down on the ground until some women had come; they led the other from the cabin. The old man was father of the two young men, and his son, although vigorous, made no effort to get out of his arms. The brothers even became reconciled. The offended one smoked half a pipe and presented it to the aggressor who finished it, and peace was made. One of the two brothers had followed the English army, and the other had joined the American.

I have reason to believe that some of our servants got married during their brief residence in the village, for at the moment of our departure we saw several squaws still adorned with wedding ribbons, and the separation was very touching. Since a missionary has come to live with the Oneidas, these marriages entered into for the sake of hospitality, are very rare amongst them, and if they proposed one to M. de Caraman, he would by no means allow himself to be seduced.

On returning to the fort, we were surprised to find again the Indian whom we had already met while going to the village. This wretched man, when he got home and came out of his drunkenness, had realized that he had to redeem his gun at any price. He had sold it for a little keg of brandy, he believed that another keg would buy it back. He obtained this liquor by pledging one of his

cooking pots. He was carrying the brandy to the fort, when he succumbed a second time to an irresistible temptation. He opened the "breast of milk," and had fallen into the same state of drunkenness in which we had already found him several days before.

During our absence from the fort, Indians had arrived from several districts, and on our return we found some of them from eight different nations. There were Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Stockbridges, Senecas, and other nations from Canada amongst whom the men from Sault St. Louis were the most noteworthy, and almost all spoke French.

The power with whom they were treating had assumed the responsibility of feeding them during the conferences. We were present at several distributions of meat, flour, and rum. They were without order and without limit; the same Indian received allotments several times, though he had received all he needed, and the commissioner at the distribution dared refuse no-one for fear of giving offense. They love profusion, and waste more than they consume; they think it silly and even mean to weigh out what one needs to live; they prefer to receive less but to have it unmeasured than to receive it with scales in hand. They regard this wasting and spoiling of the means of subsistence as a mark of greatness.

To-day, October second, my thermometer was three degrees below zero.[45] A wooden basin of water which

was three feet away from a large fire which we had made, was frozen on top. The cold had driven me from my bed, I wrapped myself in coverings and put myself near the fire. I had been writing since six o'clock this morning, when I heard a child of seven or eight months old, with a very bad cold, crying as hard as its cough permitted. It was the child of a squaw who was undressing it to plunge it into the Mohawk River which flows twenty fathoms from our tent. I approached and saw the child come out from this bath and express well-being and happiness by its movements and its voice. The mother dried it with a coarse blanket, put it into its cradle, and carried it on her back. The good example made an impression on me, and I bathed in the same place as the little savage, with the same repugnance, the same pleasure, and the same success.

I again found the Indian with whom I had talked. I write you from his cabin, near his fire, with the ink which he made for me by pounding sassafras charcoal and moistening it with gum. A tortoise shell serves as writing desk and the paper is the thin bark of a maple tree.

It is through him that I am at this moment collecting five or six barrels of ginseng which I intend to send to France, for you may be sure I have not forgotten that it is from this place that that plant can be transplanted with the greatest probability that it will prosper. You know that the Chinese are passionately fond of it, and that

Tartary did not furnish it abundantly enough, so that before the discovery of the plant in America they paid for it with its weight in gold.

Though many travelers say that the savages are naturally grave and melancholy, we have not had occasion to make this observation. On the contrary we have been perpetually disturbed by their dances and their singing, day as well as night. They dance around large fires and the one which burns near our tent often attracts them.

Furthermore, their gaiety ceases when they are busy with public affairs; they show themselves grave and serious, and give their most particular attention.

We were witnesses of the reconciliation of the Oneidas with their enemies. Although both dwelt, for several days, near the fort, and in spite of the cessation of hostilities, communication had not been reëstablished between them. The "Great Grasshopper," covered with the mantle which the Chevalier de la Luzerne had given him, and followed by five other savages dressed with the same care, went to the cabins of the Senecas. They walked stiffly, and stopped from time to time. The chief of the Senecas came out and went to receive them at some distance. They sat on the grass and compliments were exchanged by the two chiefs. They smoked the pipe of peace and separated. The next day the visit was returned by the Senecas to the Oneidas with the same sort of dress and the same formalities. Seeing this ceremonial, I thought myself at the Diet of Ratisbon.

They have vague ideas in regard to the immortality of the soul and a future life. When a savage dies, they bury his arms with him, they put food into the grave in which he is to be interred, and if he is a famous warrior, they paint his face with startling colors, so that when he arrives in the other country, its guardians will receive him without hestitation and assign him an honorable place. At the death of one of the chiefs, the funeral ceremonies are nothing extraordinary, but after they are over, mourning still continues. It consists of the Indians' not leaving their dwellings for several days, and not permitting any mark of happiness, not even a smile. The chief persons of nearby regions come to the number of fifty or sixty, and sometimes more, to suffer with their friends.

"Brothers," they say to them, "the sun which gave you light has set. It is night. You will walk in darkness and fear. Your fires are put out, your guide is no longer here. Your hair is disheveled, your eyes are fixed on the ground. Where is the prey destined for your hunters? Why do not fish come any longer to your nets? Your tribe suffers from famine. Your ears are closed. Tears cover your breasts."

Then they sit in a circle and chant a lugubrious hymn, keeping time by swaying from left to right. During the hymn they make plaintive noises which have no meaning. Suddenly one of the strangers gets up, and looks at the new chief and cries with joy.

"Brothers, your sun has returned, the light shines for

you, your enemies tremble, your chief puts them to flight. Shake off the ashes which cover your hair, raise your eyes towards the forests where game is waiting for you. Your lines are weighted down with fish; your fields promise an abundant harvest. Brothers, we rejoice in your good fortune."

Just so at the funerals of our monarchs, a high official, breaking his wand of command, says three times, "The King is dead," and then suddenly, "Long live the King."

Nothing is more usual than to see them, in the midst of severely cold weather, when fever or some illness torments them, jump into half frozen water. This remedy kills or cures them. They cannot be persuaded that it is fatal in smallpox. They also use many superstitious practices against their diseases. The friends and relatives of the sick person assemble, and cook a pig or a stag. Each eats a piece while addressing several magic words to the dying person. They sing, they cry, and often he recovers.

I should have begun perhaps, by telling you of their marriages, except that they are made without any ceremony. It is usually the mothers who make the arrangements. They seldom choose the handsomest man or best warrior. It is the best hunter who is preferred. The future husband presents his financée with a stag's foot. She gives him an ear of Indian corn, and the emblems of their duties having been exchanged, the ceremony is over.

A girl and a young man may love each other for several

years without saying a word. They show their feelings only by a few affectionate smiles which they make when they meet while going from one cabin to the other. To be sure, this reserve exists only among those who have been carefully brought up, and in the lower classes there are less reserved young ladies who go themselves to wake up their lovers with the sound of a flute. Boys from the age of five or six are put on guard against these inclinations, and the old men never cease repeating that it is unworthy of a warrior to fall in love with a woman before having distinguished himself in war or hunting.

Suicide is very rare among the savages. The "Swimming Salmon" told me that he had known only two in several years. Ambition was the cause of the first. A young warrior had for neighbor another young warrior already famous for his fine deeds, cherished by the old men of the tribe, and sure to gather round him a considerable number of other warriors as soon as they had to march on the enemy. His rival was constantly annoyed by his praises, and confided in his mother the pain which he felt. She told him not to lose courage, that in the next war he could distinguish himself also. The war came and the ambitious young man could not distinguish himself as he had hoped. On his return he said good-bye to his mother, saying, "Your promises are not fulfilled, but my neighbor will not rejoice in the scorn which people have for me." He went out of his cabin, leaned against a maple tree, and stuck a dagger into himself.

Another young man loved passionately a young girl of the tribe of the Bear, the noblest of the three tribes of the Oneidas. He could not obtain her, and his mother encouraged him to deserve her by killing more beavers than his rivals. Whether through bad luck or lack of skill he almost always came back with empty hands. He had reason to think himself loved, and the girl never passed near him without looking at him with a friendly smile. His mother, witness of his despair, resolved to ask her in marriage. Her parents replied that the young man was always one of the last in hunting and took nothing, and that he was not more skillful in fishing, and they refused their daughter. His mother brought back this reply. He said that there was no more happiness for him in this country, and that he was going to another. He went to the borders of Cayuga, gathered several poisonous plants, pressed out the juices into a shell, and died at the end of three hours.

When married people do not get on, they freely leave each other. The idea of an indissoluble contract which binds a man to a woman without the privilege of withdrawing, is as foreign to their spirit as is voluntary slavery.

Quarrels between individuals are settled by the parties themselves, either by the judgment of arbiters whom they choose, or by force. If it happens that an Indian kills his adversary by some treachery, the crime is not proceeded against, either by society or by any public mag-

istrate. It is the relatives of the assassinated person who pursue the malefactor, and often he gets out of it by retiring to a neighboring tribe. Sometimes a relative of the dead man kills the murderer. He is killed in his turn, and the process lasts till the extinction of one of the two families. Sometimes, however, presents put an end to this butchery.

The Indians have kept a great respect for the King of France. They talk with veneration of the French nation, although their relations with it have been at an end for over twenty years. They love liquor passionately, but they say that the French were real fathers to them, because they refused them this poison, which the English furnished in abundance.

Several naturalists believe that the Indians have no beard, and have given very specious reasons for it. The truth is that they pull it out with care as soon as it begins to grow, and that they pull the hair out of their whole body in the same way. Some of them, however, do not take the trouble, and their beards descend to their breasts.

The women are more susceptible to jealousy than the men; one sees them often beating their rivals with their fists, pulling their hair, and skinning their faces, while the man, a tranquil spectator of the fight, awaits the result, and decides in favor of the bravest.

"Their superstition is extreme," said Mr. Kirkland to me, "and only to speak of those with whom I have lived

most, I have almost been a victim of their doubts. I baptized one of their children, and I had neglected to take my stole. A strange Indian present at the ceremony, told them that I was an impostor and not really a priest. For the first time, I saw them forget the respect which they had always shown me. I excused myself as well as I could."

They seem to love glory, but like other people they have strange ideas of it. Sometimes men come to find the priest and say to him, "Father, our hands itch, our feet are beginning to grow into the ground; do you need our bows and our tomahawks?" If the chief does not judge it suitable to accept their offer, they go away, and at their own risk challenge and fight some members of a neighboring tribe.

To-day I met a rather fine looking squaw, whose color and bearing did not seem quite savage. I asked her in English who she was. She pretended at first not to understand. Pressed with my questions she told me that she had formerly served at the home of a planter in the State of New York, but that she had tired of the position of a servant and had fled, and that the Indians had welcomed her, and that she lived very happily among them. "The whites," she told me, "treated me harshly. I saw them take rest while they made me work without a break. I ran the risk of being beaten, or of dying of hunger, if through fatigue or laziness I refused to do what I was told. Here I have no master, I am the equal of all

the women in the tribe, I do what I please without anyone's saying anything about it, I work only for myself,—I shall marry if I wish and be unmarried again when I wish. Is there a single woman as independent as I in your cities?"

An American officer in General Sullivan's expedition, in 1779, told me what follows. The Indians had committed frightful ravages on the frontier, and the Congress had resolved to punish them severely. It had ordered the general to destroy their settlements entirely. He planned his march so that he went towards the region where we now are. "The Indians," this officer told me, "fled from their settlements when we approached, and we found their cabins entirely deserted, but some soldiers who went into the forest to cut wood discovered an old Indian woman who had hidden under cut branches. She was brought back to be questioned, and did not doubt that we planned to kill her. Her fears had deprived her of speech; she raised and lowered her clasped hands as if to beg us to spare her life. The interpreter hastened to tell her that we did not wish to harm her, and that we should only ask her questions about the route of the Indians. She shed tears and with eyes fixed on heaven gave thanks to the Great Being. She told us all that she knew. The general had her given clothes and provisions.

"On our return, at the end of two months, we found her again, in the cabin where we had left her. She was squatted near a little fire, idle and without a living being who

could give her any consolation in her abandonment. Infirm and incapable of getting her food, she ate each day a small portion of the provisions which we had left her. Her only care was to keep up her fire. Separated forever from her family, from her friends, from the society in which she had lived for almost a century, she passed long days in inactivity, having no other future than hunger, hearing round her neither the voices of men nor any noise which would give her pleasant ideas or revive her waning spirits. She did not seem less attached to life than a young woman of twenty in the midst of abundance and pleasure. We believed that she would be glad to go along with us, and we promised her all the attentions which humanity could bestow; but the love of freedom, the horror of any restraint, the attachment to the spot which had seen her birth, and where she had passed her whole life, made her reject our offers. We left her provisions for several months. This poor creature expressed her gratitude as well as she could, and when we left the place, she followed us a little distance and took leave of our general by clasping him to her bosom."

They have no acquaintance here with the cruel tests through which an Indian must pass among the nations of the South in order to become the chief of the tribe, for it is birth which gives the right to command. I did not expect to find a nobility established amongst savages. But there are amongst the Oneidas three families which from all antiquity have had a right to the chiefs of the nation.

Sometimes, however, their choice falls upon a man of the common people, when he has merited this honor by several brilliant deeds, or by some important service rendered the nation. These chiefs have a great influence over the nation, but one cannot say that they command it. Although the wisest, they are not the most sober. They cannot resist a bottle of rum. Drunkenness is the more frightful amongst these people because it serves them as excuse for frightful crimes and because they are never punished when liquor is the cause. During general festivals two or three Indians are instructed to take care that no harm occurs. These guards hide their arms and observe the greatest sobriety while the others get drunk. If, contrary to ordinary custom, they happen to get drunk themselves, they are held responsible for what happens.

I saw, amongst the Oneidas, a tomb on which the earth and stones seemed new. They told me it was that of an Indian murdered a few days before. They showed me the murderer, who did not mingle with the most distinguished; but no one thought of punishing the crime. They suspected him of wishing to fly to the Onondagas, to shelter himself from pursuit by the relatives of the murdered man.

We were present at the opening of the peace conferences between the commissioners from the Congress and the savages. There were several speeches. The setting was in the open air, in spite of a penetrating cold. The savages were squatted in a circle, and several dry branches

burned in the center. They never fail to light fires for very solemn occasions. They listened to the orators with a particular attention. Chiefs and women were present. The warriors, armed as if for battle, were presentable in appearance, but the others were clothed in the strangest and most ridiculous manner. One was dressed up with the skin of a bear, and looked like that animal. The possession of a wig had been the cause of a quarrel a few days before. These grotesque figures contrasted strangely with the gravity of the orators. The most noteworthy of the latter had a piece of cloth floating over his shoulders, he had his arms stretched out, a proud air, a loud voice, and we listened very attentively to the interpreter who was translating his discourse, but we found nothing in it equal to the expectations which his appearance had caused.

October 26, 1784. We had fulfilled the chief purpose of our journey, which was to see the savages. Nothing kept us any longer at the fort. We rented a small boat in which there was just room for eleven people, including five rowers, and we descended the Mohawk river very comfortably and in the finest weather in the world. We found our carriages again, and we are back at Albany.

Notes

Notes

1. When the Elector Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria died on December 30, 1777 without a direct heir, Austria made an arrangement with his successor by which Bavaria should eventually go to Austria. Frederick the Great of Prussia also was greedy for what did not belong to him, and desired part of the Bavarian inheritance. The result was a war between Austria and Prussia.

France since 1756 had been an ally of Austria, and the king of France had married Marie Antoinette, an Austrian archduchess. Austria had consequently counted on having France's help in this war, but France remained neutral, and in the peace conference at Teschen threw her influence on the side of a settlement by which Austria felt robbed. At the conference of Teschen the Chevalier de la Luzerne and Barbé-Marbois were representatives of France, and were largely responsible for the settlement, which resulted in strained relations between the French and the Austrian courts. John Adams thought that the two men were sent to America to get them out of the way. (See Adams's Works VII 102.)

2. Barbé-Marbois is over modest here. John Adams said afterwards that Barbé-Marbois "understood English very well, and could speak it about as well as I could speak French." (Works I 671.)

3. The situation referred to here, and the strange remedy, was typical of the old regime in France. The *premiers commis* (whom I translate "chief clerks") were highly placed officials, one of whom was attached to each department of state. Of course they were nominally at the orders of the minister, but actually they had great influence. The Comte de Vergennes, the minister of foreign affairs, was Barbé-Marbois's friend, but Marbois realized that he could not do business satisfactorily if the chief official in Vergennes's department was hostile to him. He decided, consequently, to buy an office which would give him an established position in the official bureaucracy, so that he would get the benefit of official professional comity. It was not unusual for certain offices to be bought and sold. The position Barbé-Marbois bought was that of *Conseiller au Parlement de Metz*—judge of the high court at Metz.

4. "Élise" is Barbé-Marbois's wife. While he was in exile Barbé-Marbois seems to have amused himself by rearranging and editing some of his past correspondence. The story of his travels, which follows, was

put together at that time from diary letters which he had written home to France.

5. It has since been captured by the English and taken to Halifax, where the sailors have been seen dressed in my handsome taffeta dressing-gown.—*Note by Barbé-Marbois.* (All the notes not signed are by the editor.)

6. *Foudroyant* is the name in French.

7. The French is *Bon Ami.*

8. Duguay-Trouin was the son of an armorer, who distinguished himself as a pirate and fought in the war of the Spanish Succession. He became a lieutenant-general in 1728.

9. They have since been captured by the English.—*Note by Barbé-Marbois.*

10. There is a pun here. The French *demoiselles de mer* which literally means "young ladies of the sea" is the term used for sharks. It is interesting to note that John Adams in his diary of this voyage mentions the catching of these sharks.

11. Mahogany does not grow in France.

12. The French women of the time wore wigs.

13. *Livres tournois.* Before the Revolution the ordinary French unit of money was the *livre* which was worth the same amount as the *franc* which later replaced it. *Livres tournois* or *livres* made in Tours were a little larger and more valuable than *livres parisis*, those made in Paris.

14. "His Excellency" here and throughout is the Chevalier de la Luzerne, the French minister, with whom Barbé-Marbois was traveling.

15. See *Dighton Rock: A Study of the Written Rocks of New England*, by E. B. Delabarre (1928.)

16. This is the famous Christ Church, Cambridge, one of the finest examples of Georgian architecture in the country, though in the modern use of the terms it is "classical" and not "romantic" in style.

In 1774 the rector of the church, Mr. Wynwood Sargeant, was driven from Cambridge, and the church was used as a barracks. It was opened by Washington (who as a Virginian belonged to the Anglican communion) for a service which he attended on New Year's Eve, 1775. It was opened once or twice more during the Revolutionary War, but

not until after peace was made did it have a rector and regular services again.

17. Vergers in French churches still wear gaudy uniforms with swords and halberds.

18. Barbé-Marbois's remarks on birds, trees, and so forth are usually concerned with species which do not exist in France, and which he supposes would interest his French audience.

19. John Adams had crossed the Atlantic with him.

20. Travel in France was restricted by the necessity of getting permits constantly, and by the tax barriers which existed between one place and another. The next sentence mentions some of the other obstacles to a pleasant existence in France.

21. With this picture of healthy and prosperous rural America, contrast Arthur Young's *Travels in France during the years 1787, 1788, 1789.*

22. A "league" was a rather vague measure of distance. It meant, probably, about two and two-thirds miles.

23. Even the administration of justice in France was divided up, sometimes, and one person would have

the privilege of trying cases involving important persons, or important matters, and another would deal with petty persons or petty matters.

Some of the French taxes are mentioned here. The "fifth and fifth of a fifth" was a payment which had to be made in parts of France when a piece of property changed hands. Some of the other restrictions on the French peasant are mentioned here.

24. It seems almost a pity to point out that the Frenchman's excitement was hardly justified. This method of courting was the result of lack of heat in colonial houses. Of course sleeping accommodations were often crowded, and not many years before this time it was not unusual for ladies who traveled to record having to sleep in the same room with men servants.

25. Probably he refers to the village of Greenfield in the town of Fairfield.

26. Thirty arpents would be roughly about 120,000 square feet.

27. The "dismal green cloth" is the top of the roulette table.

28. The "best of kings" was Henry IV of France.

29. In Europe hospitals for the sick, the poor, or the insane, were usually places of misery where the inmates were treated almost like criminals.

30. According to the first census, that of 1790, the population of Philadelphia was 42,444 people. Barbé-Marbois's estimate here is probably somewhat above the truth for 1779.

Philadelphia was the largest American city. In 1790 New York, which came next, had 33,131 inhabitants. Boston had 18,038, Charleston 16,359, and Baltimore 13,503.

31. When they asked Franklin, once, in Paris, how long Americans lived, he said that he could not tell, that people in Philadelphia could not answer that question until Edward Drinker died.

32. Unraveling old braid so as to take out and preserve the gold thread in it, which was so valuable that it would be used again, was apparently one of the interminable drawing-room occupations of French ladies of the time.

33. The site of the garden is now a city park. Its owner and its origin are described in J. W. Harshberger's *Botanists of Philadelphia.*

34. Beuzeville was a chateau of M. de la Luzerne, in Normandy.

35. At Marly were the pumps which raised the water up to the aqueduct which carried it to Versailles for the fountains.

36. "The kingdom" is of course France, just as "the king" who is occasionally referred to by Barbé-Marbois is always the king of France.

37. Acadia was the French settlement in what is now Nova Scotia, and Benezet's Acadians were compatriots of Evangeline.

38. He means that his regular savings were such a large proportion of his income that after laying aside the savings he had barely enough to live on, and never anything to give away.

39. Many offices were bought and sold, as a matter of course. See the Introduction, page 38.

40. Mme Geoffrin had a salon which attracted men of letters, and particularly the Encyclopedists. She was famous for her wit, and for the admiration which foreign monarchs had for her.

41. Your mother, in regard to this matter, made the usual arrangements with the nurse. The bargain

being concluded, the latter was leaving the room, saying that she would return. I was present, and I was surprised to see her come back at once. "What do you want, Cressy?" asked your mother. "Madam, I want to ask to have a newspaper given me every day." "You shall have it."—*Note by Barbé-Marbois.*

42. This child, Marie Ann Sophie, later married the second Duc de Plaisance. (The first Duc de Plaisance was the Le Brun who had been Napoleon's colleague and Third Consul of France.) There were no grandchildren.

43. Niskayuna is just about half way between Albany and Schenectady, in the township of Watervliet. It was the mother house of the Shakers in America.

The Shakers were an offshoot of the English Quakers. They came to the United States in 1774.

44. If it had been France, the responsibility for the proper maintenance of highways would have rested on the *intendant* or chief administrator appointed by the government in Paris. The remark was made by some French servant, who did not realize that America was less highly organized than France.

45. The French used a thermometer on which zero was the freezing point.

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